DC 205
.P82

GENERAL March 1796 BONAPARTE

THE

EARLY LIFE, AND FIRST CAMPAIGNS,

OF

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE;

WITH A

HISTORY OF THE BONAPARTE FAMILY,

AND

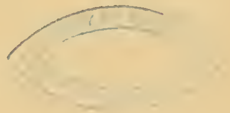
A REVIEW OF FRENCH POLITICS,

TO THE YEAR 1796.

BY

BEN: PERLEY POORE,

Corresponding Member of the New York and the Rhode Island Historical Societies.



BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.
1851.

Entered according to an Act of Congress, in the year 1851, by
Ben: Perley Poore,
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

Numerous as are the biographies of Napoleon Bonaparte, the reading public may not look ungraciously npon a young American's attempt to chronicle, from original materials, the early deeds of that extraordinary being, whose good and bad qualities have so intensely fixed the attention of the world. While all-adoring Frenchmen have sought to enhance the brilliancy of their idol's career, by the false glare of enthusiastic flattery; British historians have been stimulated by a fantastic zeal for hereditary royalty, to blacken the reputation of the once powerful enemy of their nation :—and it is only by submitting these contradictory views to the test of a trans-atlantic balance, that they can be reduced to the standard of truth. This idea originated with Major Henry Lee, of Virginia, who was at Paris when Sir Walter Scott published his notoriously unjust "Life of Napoleon." Considering the name of the "author of Waverley" less glorious than that of the citizen Emperor—his memory less sacred than truth, the talented American determined to repair the injustice by an impartial history. The first volume was published at Paris, in January, 1837, and a few days afterwards the labors of the gifted author were prematurely suspended by his untimely decease.

Marshal Soult, Gen. Pelet, and other veterans of the Imperial Army, had taken a great interest in Maj. Lee's work, and when (in 1846,) the subscriber commenced his researches in the Archives of the War Department at Paris, (as Historical Agent of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts,) he was induced to carry out the idea of his gifted countryman. Every facility was afforded him by the French Government, and in addition to the copies of important manuscripts from their Archives, he obtained the curious journals of several notable Americans who were in France during Napoleon's career. The Emperor's early homes, his palaces, and over forty of his sixty victorious battle-fields were carefully visited,—the French, English and American newspapers of the epoch were read, and many curious unpublished incidents were gathered from the lips of the survivors. From these valuable materials the subscriber sought to recapitulate the principal events of Napoleon's life, with their causes and their consequences. Not merely his conquests and his creation of king-vassals—but the more glorious phases of his civil rule—his diplomatic intercourse, (particularly with the United States,) and his gigantic public works—his social and his domestic life—his loves and his hatreds—his glory and his exile—his virtues and his religion !

The greater portion of the following pages were printed last Winter, when the subscriber was forced to suspend his labors—to glean historical materials in another field. Should this narration of the most uninteresting portion of Napoleon's life prove acceptable to the public, he will continue and complete it hereafter. The proofs of this volume, it is but justice to state, have been revised by that able historian, Mr. C. C. Hazewell, to whom the subscriber is greatly indebted for much valuable information.

Many statements in this work will conflict with those advanced by other historians, particularly, Sir Walter Scott. The "*author of Waverly*" was unfitted for the task, for he had been to long engaged in converting history into fiction, to succeed in recording contemporaneous events in the simple language of history. He had indulged too long in the realms of imagination to confine himself strictly to the rigid boundaries of truth; nor is it, therefore, surprising that discrepancies and mis-statements, omissions and mistakes, are to be found profusely scattered through his pages. The correction of these errors—to use the words of Maj. Lee—will counteract, in imposing form, and by a single operation, a diversified mass of historical falsehood, and establish in the reader's mind, various and important truths. It was observed by Lord Bacon, that "the enquiry of truth, which is the wooing of it; the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it ; and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it ; is the sovereign good of human nature."

Ben: Perley Poore.

Indian Hill Farm,
West Newbury, 1851.

"The stormy joy, the trembling hope
That wait on mightiest enterprise;
The panting heart of one, whose scope
Was empire, and who gained the prize,
And grasps a crown, of which it seemed
Scarce less than madness, to have dreamed,—
All these were his; glory that shone
The brighter for its perils past,
The rout, the victory, the throne,
The gloom of banishment at last,—
Twice in the very dust abased,—
And twice on Fortune's altar raised.

"His name was heard and mute with fear,
Contending centuries stood by,
Submissive, from his mouth to hear
The sentence of their destiny;
While he bad silence be, and sate
Between them, arbiter of fate.
He passed, and on a barren rock
Inactive closed his proud career,
A mark for envy's rpdest shock,
For pity's warmest, purest tear,
For hatred's unextinguished fire,
And love that lives when all expire."
—*Translated from Manzoni.*

THE BONAPARTE FAMILY.

CARLO BONAPARTE, Advocate,—born at Ajaccio, March 29, 1746—died at Montpellier, Sept. 23, 1785. He married LETITIA RAMOLINI, born August 24, 1750—died at Rome in 1836—mortal remains removed to Ajaccio in 1851.

THEIR CHILDREN:

I. JOSEPH, born at Corte, January 7, 1768—King of Naples from March 30, 1806, to 1808—King of Spain from June 6, 1808, to 1813—Exile in America, under the title of Count de Survilliers, sixteen years, during which time he resided at Bordentown, New Jersey—died in Italy, April 7, 1845. He was declared successor to the throne of France in the event of the death of the Emperor and his son without heirs. He married Marie Julie Clary, sister of one of the first merchants in Marseilles. She was also the sister of the wife of Bernadotte, who was made King of Sweden in 1818; and whose son, Oscar Bernadotte, is the present King of Sweden. This Oscar in 1823 married Josephine, eldest daughter of Eugene, who was the son of the Empress Josephine.

1. *Zénaide Charlotte Julie*, born 1804—married June 30, 1822, to Charles, Prince Musignano, son of Lucien, Prince of Canino.
2. *Charlotte*, born 1802—married Napoleon Louis, son of Louis, King of Holland, in whose favor Louis abdicated in 1810—he was the eldest brother of the present President of France—he took part in the Italian revolution in 1831, in which year he died, and she died in 1839.

II. **NAPOLEON**, born at Ajaccio, August 15, 1769—Emperor of the French, March 18, 1804—King of Italy, March 26, 1805—died in captivity at Saint Helena, May 6, 1821—mortal remains removed to France in 1841. He married: 1. MARIE ROSE JOSEPHINE TASCHER DE LA PAGERIE, born at Martinique, June 23, 1763—married first to the Marquis de Beauharnais, and, secondly to Napoleon, March 9, 1796—died at Malmaison, May 29, 1814. 2. MARIE LOUISE, Arch Duchess of Austria—born December 12, 1791—created Grand Duchess of Parma, May 30, 1814—died, the mother of a large family, December 7, 1847.

1. **Napoleon Francois Charles Joseph**, born at Paris, March 20, 1811, and proclaimed King of Rome—after the abdication of his father, he was conveyed to Austria, and named Prince of Parma, but was deprived of the right of succession to that Duchy by the peace of Paris, in 1814—in 1818 he was created Duke of Reichstadt, in Bohemia. He died near Vienna, July 22, 1832.

III. LUCIEN, born at Ajaccio in 1775—President of the Council of Five Hundred at its dissolution by Napoleon—Minister of the Interior under the Consular Covernment—Ambassador to Spain at the negociation for the creation of the kingdom of Etruria—retired from public life on his brother's assumption of the diadem—resided some time in England, where he arrived Dec. 18, 1810—On Napoleon's abdication in 1814, he went to Rome, was well received by the Pope, and purchased considerable estates, from whence he derived the titles of Prince of Canino, Duke of Musignano, &c.—he joined his brother on his return from Elba, was arrested after the battle Waterloo, but allowed to retire to the Roman States, where he died June 25, 1840. He married: 1. Christine Boyer. 2. Alexandrine Laurence de Bleschamp.

1. *Lolotte*, born 1796—married to Prince Galincia.
2. *Christine Egypta*, born 1798—married to Lord Dudley Coutts Stuart, twelfth son of Lord Bate.
3. *Charles Lucien*, born May 24, 1803—a zealous naturalist—married his cousin Zenaide.
4. *Lætitia*, born 1804—married Thomas Wyse, an Irish Catholic Member of Parliament, who left her on account of her infidelity.
5. *Louis Lucien*, born 1813.
6. *Pierre Napoleon*, born 1815—elected to the National Assembly in 1818.
7. *Antoine*, born 1816.
8. *Alexandria Marie*, born 1818—married to Count Valentini.
9. *Constance*, born 1823—a nun at Rome.
10. *Paul*, died in Greece.
11. *Jeanne*, married to the Marquis Honoratio.

IV. MARIE ANNE ELISA, born January 3, 1771—Princess of Lucca—died at Trieste, August 9, 1820. She married, March 5, 1797, Prince Felix de Bacciochi, who died August, 1820.

1. *Napoleone Elisa*, born 1803—married to Count Camerata.
2. *Frederic*, born 1810—died at Rome.

V. LOUIS, born September 2, 1778—High Constable of France, 1804—King of Holland from May, 1806 to July 1810. He married HORTENSE, daughter of Josephine and the Marquis de Beauharnais, from whom he was afterwards separated—she died Oct. 5, 1837; and he in Italy, July 25, 1846.

1. *Napoleon Charles*, born 1802—heir to Napoleon on failure of his own issue—died 1807.
2. *Napoleon Louis,* born 1804—married his cousin Charlotte—died 1831, supposed to have been poisoned.
3. Louis Napoleon, born at Paris, April 20, 1808—took part in the Italian revolution of 1831—invaded France at Strasbourg in 1836—visited the United States in 1837—invaded France at Boulogne in 1840, and was imprisoned for life—escaped in 1845—elected Representative in 1848, and chosen President the same year, by 5,974,020 votes.

VI. MARIE PAULINE, born October 20, 1780—created Princes of Guastalla, 1806—married: 1. General Le Clerc—2. Prince Camille Borghese—died at Florence, June 9, 1825.

VII. MARIE ANNUNCIADE CAROLINE, born at Ajaccio, March 25, 1782—married Joachim Murat, King of Naples, July 15, 1808—died at Florence, May 18, 1839. He was shot in Calabria, Oct. 15, 1815.

1. *Napoleon Achille Charles Louis*, born January 21, 1801—Prince Royal of the two Sicilies—emigrated to Florida, where he died, April 15, 1847.
2. *Lætitia Josephe*, born April 25, 1802—married Count Pepoli, of Bologna.
3. *Lucien Charles Joseph Francis Napoleon*, born March 16, 1803—emigrated to South America, and thence to New Jersey—returned to France in 1848, and was elected a member of the National Assembly.
4. *Louise Julie Caroline*, born March 22, 1805—married to Count Rasponi, of Ravenna.

VIII JEROME, born at Ajaccio, December 15, 1784—King of Wirtemberg—created Prince de Montford, 1816—named by his nephew Louis Napoleon, Governor of the Hopital *des Invalides*, at Paris, 1850. [Married in 1803, while in command of a French fleet at Baltimore, Miss Betsey Patterson, a native of Belfast, Ireland, then residing in that city. He carried her to France, but Napoleon had a divorce decreed, and sent her back to Baltimore. She had a son, Jerome, who has visited Europe, and been kindly received by his father—his son Jerome was recently a cadet at West Point.] Married, 2, Frederique Catherine Dorothee, Princess Royal of Wirtemberg—born February 21, 1783—died November 28, 1835.

1. *Jerome Napoleon*, born at Trieste, August 24, 1814—Colonel in the army of Wirtemberg—died in 1847.
2. *Mathilde Lætitia Wilhelmine*, born at Trieste, May 27, 1820—married Prince Demidoff in 1841—separated in 1848—at the head of the Presidential mansion of her cousin in 1850.
3. *Napoleon Joseph Charles Paul*, born at Trieste, Sept. 9, 1822—elected to the National Assembly in 1848.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE:

HIS LIFE AND TIMES.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE was a native of Corsica, a mountainous island in the Tuscan sea, about one hundred and fifty miles in length, and fifty in breadth. Large forests of oak, pine and chestnut trees cover its highlands, while in the fertile valleys are mulberry, fig, citron, and orange groves. Herds of black sheep find sufficient pasture throughout the year, and an abundance of wine, grain, oil and fruits reward the labors of the husbandman. Industrious, temperate and frugal, the Corsican yeomen are strangers to poverty, devoted to their families, and as untameable in spirit as the stormy sea-winds that sweep their mountain-tops. Tractable under the control of reason and religion, we find that when these restraints do not exist, as in Corsica, a love of Independence degenerates into an egotistical resistance to all authority, while family pride leads to excesses which would be ridiculous, if they were not unfortunately unnatural and atrocious.

The *Vendetta*, as this barbarous social code is termed, obliges all the male relations of a murdered man, to the third degree of consanguinity, to avenge his death. Burglary, counterfeiting, poisoning, fraudulent bankruptcy—in fact, few if any of the crimes which spring from a refinement of civilization—are almost unknown in Corsica, but the victims to a savage thirst of family vengeance are numerous. Merciless and relentless, the self-appointed executioners of the *Vendetta* do not even give their doomed enemies a chance to fight for life. Amid the mountains are large plains of table-land, covered with the luxurious growth of the arbutus, the myrtle, and the gum cistus. Here the executioner of hereditary vengeance will lie concealed for hours, and even days, until the doomed victim passes unconsciously along one of the few tracks which are formed through the bushes, more by cattle and horses than by the labor of man. A bullet sends the unfortunate wretch to his last account "unhouseled, unannealed," and a rough wooden cross marks the spot where he fell. Sometimes, different sections of the same village are at war with each other, pitched battles ensue, families remain for weeks barricaded in their houses, and, worse than all, children cannot be sent to school, as there would be no mercy for them. In fact, they inherit this love of vengeance and blood, often attacking one another with loaded pistols. Even women lose the characteristic softness of their sex in this fiery atmosphere of hatred and wrath, and are to be seen loading and firing by the side of their fathers and husbands, in the thickest of the fight.*

Many of the principal Corsicans at the close of the last century, were *bandits*, a word of Italian origin, which signifies a banished person, and implies no degradation. Exiled from their Tuscan and Roman homes on account of their political opinions, they carried with them to the colony of Republican Genoa a high standard of mental capacity, and a love of Freedom. There was also a colony of the descendants of those ancient Spartans, whose actions all nations have admired, but no one has ever successfully imitated. Driven from Lacedæmonia, after its rulers had ceased to observe the wise institutions of Lycurgus, the exiled Greeks preferred Corsica to any other location, because its mountainous surface presented them with the image of their native land.† In the course of time these immigrant races intermarried with the native Corsicans, thus mingling prominent traits of their national character in the blood of their offspring. Napoleon Bonaparte inherited an Italian love of independence from his father—a Spartan sobriety and military spirit which had characterised the ancestry of his mother—and a native Corsican jealousy of family reputation which ever urged him to ennoble his name, and to ele-

---

* Traits of Corsican Character.—*Burdett.*

† Description of Corsica.—*Prince Frederic.*

vate the people who delighted to call him "Sire."

Men who rise to eminence by their own exertions, seldom allude to those of their ancestors who may have been distinguished, and when the Emperor of Austria once alluded to the noble parentage of his Imperial son-in-law, Napoleon, remarked that he was the Rodolph of his family—a prince of that name having established the rule of the House of Hapsburg at Vienna. Yet genealogists—who turn from the actions of great men to their pedigrees, as travellers leave the currents of noble rivers to explore their sources—tell us that the name of the Bonaparte family is linked with Italy's past greatness. The earliest mention of them occurs in Bonifazio's History of Treviso, at the year 1178, when Giovanni Bonaparte was sent as envoy of the Trevisans to Padua, to learn the political sentiments of that city. This Giovanni was one of the first knights of the Spanish order of St. Jago, instituted in 1170, and founder of the hospital of that order in his native city. His descendant, Nordillo Bonaparte, as Syndic of Treviso, concluded in 1271 a treaty of commerce between that city and Venice, and died in 1290, leaving his fortune to a hospital which still bears his name. Pietro Bonaparte, a brother of Nordillo, took a prominent part in a league of noblemen, formed in 1312, to oppose certain monarchial oppressions, and in 1319 he visited the court of Frederic of Austria, as Ambassador from Padua.

About 1450, the Bonaparte family established themselves at San Miniato del Tedesco, a picturesque village near Florence, where the remains of its feudal castle still exist. Here, in the archives of the house, was preserved, "A History of the sacking of Rome by the Constable de Bourbon, in 1527," by Jacobo Bonaparte, who witnessed, and boldly denounced the vandal-like conduct of the French—repeated, by order of the historian's descendant, in 1849. This work, which is now in the Royal Library at Paris, is a clever composition, but does not display either the brilliant style which is seen in "La Verdova," an early comedy from the pen of Niccolo Bonaparte; or the profound thought which characterises the essays of Ranieri Bonaparte, who was the founder of the far-famed class of jurisprudence at the University of Pisa.

Ardent partisans of the Ghibellines, the Bonapartes were mostly exiled from Tuscany by the victorious Guelphs, though one—a student, who cared more for astrology than for civil war—was permitted to retain the estate at San Miniato. One of his younger brothers, Ludovico Maria Fortuna Bonaparte, went to Genoa, from whence he emigrated to the "island of refuge" in 1612, and settled at Talavo, where he became the head of a "*pieve*," or clan. All the Italian branches gradually became extinct, and when the renowned Corsican scion visited the home of his fathers, at the head of a victorious army, his only living kinsman was the Abbé Filippo Bonaparte, canon of San Miniato. This was an old man, well-informed on the family history, and well to do in the world, though not rich enough, as he complained to his victorious kinsman, to procure the canonization of a certain father Bonaventura Bonaparte, who had died in a Capucin monastery at Bologna, in all the odor of sanctity. "The Pope will not refuse you," said the good Abbé, "if you ask him; and should it be necessary to pay the sum now, it will be a mere trifle for you."

Saints were not the order of the day at that stormy period, so Napoleon contented himself with creating his namesake a Knight of the Order of St. Stephen, though the old man was much less anxious about the favors of this world than the religious justice which he so pertinaciously claimed. Pope Pius VII., when he came to Paris to crown the Emperor, also referred to the claims of Father Bonaventura. "It was doubtless he," said the Pontiff, "who, from his seat among the blessed, had led his relative by the hand, as it were, through the glorious earthly career he had traversed, and who had preserved Napoleon in the midst of so many dangers and battles." The Emperor, however, always turned a deaf ear to these remarks, leaving it to the Pope's own discretion to provide for the glory of Bonaventura. As for the old Abbé of San Miniato, he died during the Empire, bequeathing his fortune to Napoleon, who presented it to one of the public establishments in Tuscany.*

Carlo Marie de Bonaparte, who was born in Corsica in 1747, was less fortunate and shorter lived than many of his ancestors, yet it is said of him that he was the Sire of Sovereigns, and among them of a Monarch, to whom Emperors were suppliants, and who prostrated, pardoned and created Kings. His grandfather left three sons—Joseph, Napoleon, and Lucien—he was the only child of Joseph; Napoleon left only a daughter, Elizabeth, (who married the head of the Ornano family,) and Lucien was a priest. The young man who was thus the eldest in descent, as well as the sole representative of his name on the island, was educated by a priest among his *pieve*, at Talavo, and afterwards sent to the mother country in order to complete his education. Commencing his studies at the Roman Jesuits' college, he had a difficulty (which was never arranged) with the fraternity, and went to Pisa. He was there warmly received as a descendant of one of the founders of the University, and took the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Returning to Corsica, Carlo Bonaparte commenced the practice of law. Proud and high tempered, he became involved in frequent disputes, especially as he was openly hostile to the Jesuits, but his integrity or his honor were never questioned. The members of his profession respected his learning and admired his genius, while his genial humor excited enthusiastic affection among his intimate friends. Though not above the middle height, he had a symmetrical, imposing figure, and a handsome face; his complexion was of a clear olive tint, his eyes were piercing, and

* Memorial of St. Helena.—*Las Casas.*

there was an expression of delicate sentiment about his finely formed mouth. Fastidious in his dress, he wore the powdered wig and embroidered velvet of those times, with the sword that his rank entitled him to carry, and he was noted for bland and courteous manners, with a spice of gallantry for the fair sex.

When but nineteen years of age, he won the affections of Letitia Ramolino, and they were married in the cathedral at Ajaccio, despite the disapproval by the families of this premature connexion. A descendant from that glorious people who banished Archilogus from Sparta for saying in jest "that it would be wiser to run away than to fall sword in hand," the young bride was a woman of rare qualities. Her graceful figure, passionate dark eyes, and bewitchingly beautiful features, were imprinted on the hearts of all who saw her; and we are told that at an assemblage of the loveliest women in Corsica, at the Governor's palace, in order to soften the hearts of some Moslem ambassadors from Tunis, Madame de Bonaparte was pronounced the most beautiful. Sir Walter Scott gives publicity to a pretended rumor of her criminal intimacy with the octogenarian French Governor, Count de Marbœuf, but there exists no reason for calling in question her honorable conduct, dignity and intelligence, throughout her chequered life.

Though she became a widow at the age of thirty, Letitia de Bonaparte was the mother of thirteen children: Joseph, King of Spain—NAPOLEON—Lucien, Prince of Canino—Louis, King of Holland, (the father of Louis Napoleon)—Jerome, King of Westphalia—Eliza, Grand Duchess of Tuscany—Pauline, Princess Borghese—Caroline, Queen of Naples—and five who died in infancy.

Carlo de Bonaparte's country homestead was so burthened with mortgages, that he was unable to reside there in the feudal state which became the head of a *pieve*, and moved into a house owned by his bride, in Ajaccio, the principal city on the island. This building, to which many a gallant man has made pilgrimage as the birthplace of the object of his veneration, forms one side of a court which leads out of Charles street. It is of stone, four stories in height, and fitted up with elegance and comfort. "You have perhaps visited it," said Napoleon to gaoler Hudson Lowe, when speaking of his confined prison shed at Longwood, "You have perhaps visited it—at any rate you resided long enough in Corsica to know that it was by no means the worst house on the island, and that I have no reason to be ashamed of my family circumstances." *

Opposition to despotism characterized Carlo de Bonaparte's early married life. In 1755 the Corsicans had proclaimed the independence of their island, and opposed, sword in hand, the forces of their Genoese masters. Pasquale Paoli, a young patriot who had not seen thirty summers, was chosen their leader, and although he could not drive the Genoese from the island, he forced them to cede to France that which they could not retain. This transfer was by no means acceptable to the Corsicans, and no one was more indignant at the annexation than Carlo de Bonaparte, who made a speech in the Assembly which electrified the democracy of the island, while it also taught them the necessity of moderation. "If it only depended on the will to become free," said he, "all nations would be so; yet history teaches us that very few have attained the blessings of liberty, because few have had energy, courage, and virtue enough to deserve them."

Madame de Bonaparte was also enthusiastic for the restoration of her country's freedom. Putting Joseph, her first-born son, to nurse, she joined her husband at the head of his *pieve*, and shared with him the dangers and privations of a mountain warfare with the French invaders. Encouraging the timid, nursing the wounded, and inspiring all with invigorating examples of devotion to the cause of independence, she remained with the Corsican army until it was dispersed at the disastrous battle of Ponte Novo. Paoli fled to Leghorn, and Carlo de Bonaparte only delayed his own departure to obtain a safe-conduct for his wife, whose situation required the comforts of her home. It is for physiologists to determine whether the character of her expected offspring was influenced by this campaign, ennobled by the idea that it was carried on for the protection of hearths and homes.

The fifteenth of August, 1769, was the Festival of the Assumption, and Madame de Bonaparte, who was a devout Catholic, attended the celebration of mass at the cathedral of Ajaccio. Warned homeward ere the ceremony was concluded, she encountered on the way a military acquaintance, who, observing an uncommon glow in her countenance and lustre in her eyes, and never thinking that they were the effects of pain and agitation, complimented her on her unusual beauty. Excusing herself, she hastened home, and with difficulty managed to reach her parlor, and ring the bell. When the domestic arrived, the mother was found on the sofa, in a fainting fit, and the child was born—though not, as Scott chronicles, on "an ancient piece of tapestry, representing the heroes of the Iliad." He came into the world as he rose to greatness, without assistance.*

Carlo de Bonaparte was at Porto Vecchio when he received the intelligence of this accession to his family, and had engaged his passage to England, but his uncle Lucien, the archdeacon, persuaded him to remain. In conformity with the custom in his family, the second son was christened NAPOLEON.

Every summer, the young Napoleon visited Talavo, where he was idolized by the shepherds who tended his father's flocks, and soon listened with interest to their tales of *vendettas* and civil strife. When at Ajaccio, his favorite retreat was a grotto, formed by an arching rock and overlooking the sea, at the villa

* Manuscript note.—*Montholon.*

* Statement of Madame de Bonaparte to Major Lee, in 1830.

of his maternal half-uncle, a priest who afterwards became Cardinal Fesch. Often during his captivity at St. Helena did he allude to these happy years of his childhood, declaring that "the very smell of the earth would enable him to distinguish his native land, even were he conducted blindfold to her shores." A small brass cannon was his constant plaything, and Scott submits to the enquiry of philosophers, whether the future love of war was suggested by the accidental possession of such a toy ; or whether the tendency of the mind dictated the suggestion of it ; or, lastly, whether the nature of the pastime, corresponding with the taste which chose it, may not have had each their action and reaction, and contributed between them to the formation of a character so warlike.

Little is known of Napoleon's earlier years, and he has informed us that they were marked by stubbornness and curiosity. His character, remarkable for its impetuosity, had in it something of a petulant restlessness, and it was his delight to hector and tease his elder brother Joseph, though his mother used to keep him in tolerable subjection. He afterwards said of her, that she never overlooked a good or bad action of her children, and expressed his belief that he owed his elevation to her tuition. She said of him that, though wild and headstrong, he was a kind brother and a good son. In conversation with Major Lee, (in 1830,) she mentioned the extreme fondness and partiality of Napoleon's father, who often saved his favorite from her correction, and controlled him frequently by threatening to tell her of his disobedience, saying : "Very well, sir, I shall tell your mother, and she will teach you to behave better." "This threat," Madame de Bonaparte added, "usually checked Napoleon ; but sometimes I had to switch him well."

When six years of age, he was sent to a girl's school, kept at Ajaccio by Madame Muselli, and was noted for his slovenly attire, as well as for the preference he displayed for a pretty little girl who was his class-mate. Some of the other school-girls, jealous and fond of tormenting the youthful admirer, used to shout after him in their native Italian—

"*Napoleone di mezza calzetta,*
Fa l'amore a Giacominetta."

Which is translated :—

"Nap, with his stockings dangling at his heels,
To Giacominetta's love appeals."

This was the signal for impetuous attack. With characteristic bravery the insulted lover would pelt his tormentors with stones until they were glad to retreat, and leave him to enjoy the society of his sweetheart.

When he was somewhat older, his mother forbade the children climbing the fig-trees in the garden, but Napoleon, when the fruit became ripe, could not resist the temptation, and was one day sitting on a branch, filling his pockets, when up came the gardener. Napoleon knew that this man had orders to tie any of the children thus detected, and carry them to the house, but he made so eloquent an appeal that the gardener's heart was touched, and he did not deliver up the culprit to the dreaded switch. The next day, however, Madame de Bonaparte missed her fruit, and the gardener, in order to clear himself, exposed Napoleon, who was duly chastised. How difficult to conceive the twice-crowned conqueror, whose frown darkened the face of Europe, trembling in a fig-tree at the threat of a peasant.

Napoleon and Joseph were instructed in Latin and Greek by their uncle, the archdeacon Lucien, who was a man of great learning and wisdom, venerated by his parishioners, whose disputes he used to settle amicably. Careful and economical, he had saved the patrimony, and reëstablished the fortune of Carlo de Bonaparte, which had been materially deranged by the war of Independence, and the unsuccessful issue of an enterprise for draining and cultivating salt marshes. He also persuaded Carlo to take the oath of allegiance to the French, and then procured him the appointment of assessor to the Roya Court of Ajaccio, a situation which made hi income sufficient for the respectable mainte nance of his family.

The worthy archdeacon observed, with equal curiosity and satisfaction, the rare intellect, independence of character, and high spirit of Napoleon, though they did not alway agree in opinion. One dispute arose from wish expressed by Napoleon that goats migh be restrained from going at large, an ide which his uncle disapproved of, for he pos sessed large herds, and defended them like patriarch against the threats of his imperiou pupil. His last words, spoken to the famil gathered around his death-bed, were like prediction of the future greatness of his favc rite nephew. Enumerating his bequests, h said ; "As for Napoleon, it is useless to giv his fortunes a thought, for he will create them Joseph is the eldest, but Napoleon is the hea of the family."

When ten years of age, Napoleon an Joseph accompanied their father to Franc where he was sent as a Deputy to the Kin from the Assembly of Corsica. The joy wi which Napoleon had prepared for the journe however, was damped by his sorrow when was necessary to bid his mother adieu ! historian states that their sorrow was mutua —he hung upon her neck with true filial affe tion, and shed floods of tears as he craved h blessing—while she clung to her child wi the fondness of maternal love, wept over h tender years, and was only reconciled to h departure by the prospects of his advanc ment. The scene made such an impressi on Napoleon's naturally ardent mind that, the end of his life, he was wont to say should never forget the bitterness of that fi separation from a parent to whom he was devotedly attached, and of whom he was deservedly fond.

Passing through Florence, Carlo de Bon parte found that his name and the rank of h family were not forgotten, and the Gra Duke Leopold gave him a letter to Marie A toinette, his sister. Arriving at Paris, t

unfortunate queen, then in the height of her beauty and her power, welcomed the Corsican deputy to her brilliant festivals at Versailles, and through her influence, when Joseph was placed in a classical seminary at Autun, Napoleon entered the royal military school at Brienne as a King's scholar.

The monks who had the superintendence of the school at Brienne soon became attached to their young Corsican pupil, and he quickly made himself conspicuous by his progress and application. This excited the jealousy of his comrades, who used to insult him, and make his Italian accent the subject of their mirth. At first he used to resent these taunts by blows, but his sensitive mind soon sought relief in solitude. In 1814, during the bloody campaign, he pointed out a tree near Brienne under which he used to sit for hours when a boy, reading "Jerusalem Delivered," and pondering over his wrongs and mortifications.

Ere many months had elapsed, the persecuted Corsican was not only respected by his school-fellows, but exerted such an influence over them that he was chosen director and regulator of their amusements. In the summer he would have fortresses reared of turf, and in winter of snow; then, dividing the school into attacking and defensive parties, he would lead the assailants, while he directed the resistance made against them. Even then he studied the capabilities of those around him, and this Lilliputian warfare was but a prelude to his gigantic victories.

Dramatic entertainments were given at the quarterly examinations of the school, and on one occasion, when the "Death of Cæsar" was to be represented, Napoleon was officer of the guard at the door. Orders had been given to admit no one without a ticket, but a woman named Hauté, who was portress at the school gates and a retailer of cakes and milk to the boys, hoped to gain admission through the favor of some of the young guards. Finding every sentinel determined to do his duty, she began to express her indignation in a loud voice, and the sergeant of the guard reported the fact to Napoleon. Though only thirteen years of age, he did not hesitate between the inclination of the boy and the duties of the officer, but, with that firmness of character for which he was always remarkable, went to the door and exclaimed: "Remove instântly that woman, who is bringing here the license of a camp." The tone of his voice and gesture imposed a calm at once on the spectators, and the disappointed woman walked away. When the stern boy became Emperor of the French, he established her and her husband in the porter's lodge at his palace.

Napoleon was of an extreme sensibility, and when a brutal assistant-teacher sentenced him one day to wear a penitential dress, and dine on his knees at the door of the refectory, his proud spirit so revolted at the humiliation that he fell into convulsions. The principal of the school happened to pass at the time, and Father Patrault, the professor of Mathematics, obtained a pardon for his favorite pupil, observing that "in treating Napoleon with such undeserved severity, they did not understand what they were dealing with." In after years, Napoleon appointed Father Patrault financial agent at Milan, and the ex-professor soon accumulated a large fortune, with which he returned to Paris. One day he obtained an interview with his old pupil, and asked another office, stating that misfortunes had reduced him to beggary. Telling him to return the next day, Napoleon ordered an investigation, which proved that Patrault had lent his capital at exorbitant rates of interest, and then lost it by the bankruptcy of his creditors. Usury never found favor in Napoleon's eyes, so when the applicant appeared for a reply to his request, the answer was: "I was indebted to you, but I paid my debt by your Milan appointment—nor can I make a man's fortune twice."

The usher of the mathematical class at Brienne was Pichegru, a charity scholar. France was thus rearing in the same class the patriot who was the terror of the Bourbons, and the traitor who endeavored to restore their cruel rule. He formed a correct opinion of young Bonaparte, however, and when asked in 1796 whether it would be possible for the Royalists to gain the victorious general, he replied: "To attempt that would be a waste of time—from my knowledge of him when a boy at school I am sure he must be a most inflexible character—let him once embrace an idea, and he will never relinquish it."*

Though distinguished in the studies directly embraced in the profession of arms—mathematics, history and geography—the Principal had not a very high opinion of Napoleon's abilities. Bourrienne, who was his classmate, says that he had no taste for the study of the languages, polite literature, or the fine arts, but used to pass many of the play-hours in reading Plutarch and Ossian. Dining with the Duke of Orleans during a visit made by that profligate politician to the chateau near the school, a lady who was conversing with him on the subject of his studies, alluded to Turrenne. "He was certainly a great man," said she, "but I would have liked him better had he not burned the Palatinate." "And why not, madame," eagerly demanded the future victor, "if it was necessary to the success of his designs?" This anecdote—in the spirit of which may be discovered the embryo of that gigantic decision which was exemplified in his raising the siege of Mantua—shows how soon his understanding was capable of combining the extended reasoning of military policy, with the technical conclusions of the art of war.†

Buoyant with aspirations of a future career which would enable him to win honor and glory, Napoleon gradually lost faith in the Roman Catholic doctrines which his pious uncle Lucien had instilled into his infant mind. There was not, however, any diminution in his family affections, nor did he ever write a

* The Royalists in Exile.—*Larochejacquelin.*
† Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*

more characteristic letter than one to his mother, dated at Brienne. After repeated thanks for her devoted attention to his early education, and for her solicitude respecting his future advancement, he said—"With my sword by my side, and my Homer in my pocket, I hope to find my way through the world."

Brienne was one of twelve military schools, from which the best pupils were annually selected, for the Military College at Paris. The examiner in 1784 was the Chevalier de Keralio, an amiable old soldier, who used to play with the boys during their hours of recreation, and conceived a strong partiality for "*Lapaille au nez*," (straw in his nose,) a nickname given to young Bonaparte from the Corsican accent with which he pronounced his name, as if written "Na-poil-lo-né." He even singled him out as one of the number to be promoted from Brienne to Paris, although he was under the requisite age. As the lad was not very far advanced in any branch of education except those previously mentioned, the monks proposed detaining him a year longer, that he might acquire more knowledge of the French and Latin languages —above all, he was not fifteen. But this the Chevalier de Keralio would by no means agree to: "I know what I am about," said he, "and if I transgress the rule, it is not on account of any family influence, for I am not acquainted with any friends of this youth—it is solely on account of his superior merit. I discover in him a spark of genius which cannot be too carefully cherished."

In the Chevalier's report to the King, of the pupils which he had selected for promotion, we find the following entry: "Monsieur de Buonaparte, (Napoleon,) born the 15th of August, 1769. Height, four feet, ten inches, ten lines.* Has finished his fourth degree. Of good constitution, excellent health, a character docile, frank and grateful, and strictly regular in conduct. Has always distinguished himself by his application to mathematics—is tolerably conversant with history and geography, but rather deficient in polite accomplishments, as well as Latin. Would make a good seaman."

The friends of Washington, when in his fifteenth year, were so confident that he "would make a good seaman," that they obtained for him a warrant of midshipman in the British navy. At the persuasion of his mother, he subdued his inclination to maritime adventure, but still displayed, on shore, his predilection for arms. How different, from what it now is, might have been the condition of Christendom, had Washington and Napoleon, or either one of them, been induced by their friends to enter upon a naval career.

In October, 1784, young Bonaparte, with four other students, left Brienne for Paris, where he saw his father for the last time. Attacked with cancer of the stomach, Carlo de Bonaparte sought the medical advice of the metropolis, and his pride was flattered by the compliments paid to his favorite son, who he had not seen since he entered at Brienne. A few months afterwards, the hand of death arrested the happy father at Montpelier, on his way to Corsica. Joseph, his first born son, smoothed his dying pillow, but in moments of delirium he used to call for Napoleon, and invoke the succor of his *mighty sword*— as if the clouds which darkened the mind of the parent, were tinged with the prospects of the greatness and glory that were to descend upon his son.* During Napoleon's Imperial reign, the city authorities at Montpelier asked leave from him to erect a magnificent monument over the humble grave of Carlo de Bonaparte. "No," was his sensible reply, "Had I lost my father but yesterday, it would be natural to pay his memory some mark of respect consistent with my present situation. But many years have passed since the event, and it is one in which the public can take no concern. Let us leave the dead in peace."

The Military College at Paris was established by Louis XV. as a nursery for such scions of nobility as were to be trained for officers in the French army—able to fight hard and to drink hard, to live hard and to die hard. Sumptuous diet, luxurious furniture, gay uniforms and fine saddle-horses were liberally furnished each cadet,—an enervating luxuriousness which Napoleon soon saw would be incompatible with the vicissitudes of a soldier's life. Though not sixteen years of age, he drew up a memorial showing that the system of education was pernicious, and making suggestions which were worthy of his Spartan descent.

In this memorial, which is curious as the first essay of Napoleon's ministrative genius, he submitted to the officers of the college "that the plan of education was pernicious, and could never accomplish the end desired by every wise government—that the royal pensioners, being all the sons of gentlemen of decayed fortune, instead of having their minds improved, could derive nothing therefrom, save a love of ostentation, together with sentiments of conceit and vanity, so that, on rejoining the domestic circle, far from relishing the frugal gentility of their parents, they will feel inclined to despise their modest homes, and even to blush for the authors of their being—that, therefore, *in lieu* of retaining a numerous crowd of domestics about these young men, setting before them meals of two courses daily, making a parade with a very expensive establishment of horses and grooms, *would it not be better* to oblige them to do everything for themselves, with the exception of a little cooking—to place before them ammunition bread and soldier's rations, and accustom them to camp life, by making them brush their own clothes, clean their own shoes, and mend their own stockings? That, since they are far from being rich, and are destined for the military service, the duty of that service is the only education which they should receive—that, thus habituated to a life

‡ Five feet, six and a half inches of our measure.

* Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*

of sobriety, to maintain with steadiness the life of a soldier, they would at the same time grow more robust, would be able to brave the inclemencies of the seasons, to support with courage the fatigues of war, and inspire the men under their command with respect and profound devoted attachment."

These ideas, which evince a surprising maturity of judgment, did not find much favor when considered by the officers to whom they were addressed—men, whose maxim was: on duty, discipline, and off duty, dissipation—but in after years Napoleon carried his primary conception of a military education into successful operation.

An assiduous student, Napoleon's superiority was more marked at the College of Paris than it had been at Brienne. The celebrated Monge, who was his instructor in geometry, formed a high opinion of his talents. Monsieur L'Eguille, the professor of history, declared that he would become a great man, and to his name in the class-book affixed this note, (alluding probably to his vivacity of genius and passionate application, which gave an oriental warmth to his elocution)—"A Corsican by birth and character—he will distinguish himself if favored by circumstances."

Years afterwards, Napoleon used often to invite his teacher to breakfast at the palace, and talk over the old lessons. "That which made the deepest impression on me," he said one day to Monsieur L'Eguille, "was the revolt of the Constable of Bourbon, though you did not present it to us precisely in its proper light. You made it appear that his great crime was his having fought against his king, which certainly was but a trifling fault in those days of divided nobility and sovereignty—particularly considering the scandalous injustice of which he was the victim. His great, his real, his only crime, and that on which you did not sufficiently dwell, was his having come with foreigners to attack his native soil." It is to be regretted that Bernadotte, Moreau, and Pichegru could not have been inspired with this genuine patriotism.

Monsieur Domairon, the professor of belles lettres, used to speak of Bonaparte's compositions as "blocks of granite issuing red hot from a volcano," and the splendor of the young Corsican's genius was only doubted by Herr Bauer, the professor of German, who could not induce him to master the Teutonic tongue. One day it so happened that Bonaparte was not in his place, and the professor was informed that he was attending his examination in the artillery class. "Oh! ho!" said the linguist with a sneer, "then he does learn something?" "Why, Monsieur Bauer," exclaimed a student, "he is the best mathematician in the school." "Well," responded the opinionated professor, "it may be so. I have ever heard it remarked, and have ever believed the remark to be true, that none but a fool could learn mathematics." "It would be curious," said Napoleon at St. Helena, to Las Cases, "to know whether Bauer lived long enough to ascertain my real character, and to enjoy the confirmation of his own judgment."

The reputation of the young Corsican reached beyond the college yard, for it was rare, in those days, to see a studious cadet. A large majority of Napoleon's comrades were continually indulging in wild freaks or gallant intrigues, but he passed even the hours set apart for relaxation in studying Vauban, or Muller, with a firm determination to merit an officer's epaulette—the height of his ambition. Once only was he provoked into an altercation, by a cadet named Bussy, who persisted in practising on the French horn in a room adjoining his dormitory. Napoleon ordered him to discontinue his music—Bussy challenged him—and it was with difficulty that their comrades prevented a duel. In 1814, Napoleon, who was then Emperor, again met the horn-player, who was residing on his estate near Soissons, and who furnished some important information respecting the position of the enemy. Recognising his old opponent, the Emperor adverted with good-humored frankness to their former dispute, shook him heartily by the hand, and appointed him one of his aides-de-camp.*

Invited into society, he was soon a welcome visitor at the most notable saloons of Paris; from the magnificent receptions of Madame Necker, where diplomatists and academicians held solemn converse, to the cosy boudoir of Madame Helvetius, that favorite resort of Franklin during his residence at Auteuil. Though short, his appearance was prepossessing, for his olive-tinted complexion was as intelligent in expression as his limbs were vigorous and well-proportioned. His flashing black eyes had a sagacious expression, indicating a vehemence of character, checkered and tempered by a cautious and observing spirit. Firmness and intrepidity were strongly marked about his mouth, and when at all excited, his broad nostrils appeared to breathe fierceness and disdain. His manners were so reserved as to forbid a sudden intimacy, and yet were characterised by a sincerity of expression which could not but encourage confidence.

The husband of Madame Helvetius was, until his death, a zealous Freemason, and it was at her house that Bonaparte became acquainted with the principles of that venerable institution which unites its members by a mystic tie. He was initiated, and became a member of the lodge of "*Les Neuf Sœurs*," inscribing his name with that of many distinguished brethren who were admitted or affiliated into this poetical section of the craft—Benjamin Franklin and Paul Jones among the rest. Bonaparte was never a "bright Mason," but he always protected the fraternity, and when he became Emperor of the French, a lodge-room was fitted up in the palace of the Tuilleries. It was there, in April, 1805, that Joseph Bonaparte was initiated, that he might at his Imperial brother's request, act as Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of France. In this palace lodge, Cambacérés (the arch-chancellor,) sat in the East, while the sove-

* Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.—*W. Hodson.*

reign of Europe was content to serve as Marshal. Those who part on the "*square*" meet on a "*level.*"

"A Preliminary View of the French Revolution," occupies nearly seven hundred pages of Sir Walter Scott's "Life of Napoleon," forming the two first volumes. A beautiful historic tissue, finely wrought with reverential loyalty, it impresses upon the reader that there were neither treasons nor sudden death, neither slavery nor tyranny, neither want nor woe, so long as the Capets ruled over France and Navarre. "A simple, virtuous, and religious people," the Baronet of Abbottsford tells us, "would have rested content," and the French Revolution is accordingly described as a villanous plot to wake the world out of that sweet sleep which it had enjoyed for three thousand years, by thrusting the torch of modern philosophy in its eyes. "The derangement of the finances," we are assured, was the proximate cause of the fearful struggle, and no mention is made of the blood-stained chronicles of that race which had its "legitimate" claims to treat thirty millions of men as its property, cut shorter by a head. Those who believe in "that retributive justice which God implants in earthly actions," will find stronger cause for merciless vengeance in the history of the Capet race.

Hugh Capet, in the year 996, succeeded as mayor of the palace, in seizing on the crown of France. This usurper caused Lothaire and Louis V., the two last kings of the Carlovingian race, to be poisoned. The right claimed by the Bourbons to reign over France in perpetuity, seems therefore to be founded not in the "Grace of God," but in rebellion and regicide.

Passing over several vindictive and cruel kings, we are horror struck at the excessive dissipation, and the inflexible atrocity of Philip the Fair, a prince without faith, who violated all the rights of the nation and of individuals. Posterity will always remember the massacre of six thousand Knights Templars in one day, and the unjust division of all their property between the King, the Pope, and the Order of Malta. His son, Louis X., during his short reign, shewed himself the inheritor of his father's avarice. Sacrificing every thing to this passion, he made a common traffic of justice, nor could anything excuse the cold barbarity with which he caused the ignominious death of Enguerrand de Marigny.

Philip the Long did not abandon the arbitrary system of his predecessors—that is, he asserted his "right divine to govern wrong" to the letter, by prostituting the magistracy, and levying contributions by his own authority. Charles the Handsome imitated his father and his brothers in trampling on his people, and Philip VI. combined all the vices of the most odious of his predecessors. We find in his disastrous reign the assassination of fourteen Breton and Norman gentlemen, who had come to Paris by the invitation of the king, on the public faith, and were, notwithstanding, beheaded without a show of justice.

The execution of the Count d'Eu without judgment, that the court favorites might share his property, the detention of the King of Navarre, and the massacre of his faithful adherents, are stains upon the history of John II., who covered France with misery and shame. He caused to be choked one day, and decapitated the next night, Raoul de Nesle, High Constable of France, who was lately returned from the prisons of England—and it was to gratify his jealous revenge that the two brothers Harcourt, the Lord of Maubuet, and Colinet Doublet had their heads chopped off without any form of trial.

Charles V. passes for one of "the best of kings." He was so. He was also called the *wise*, because his father was a fool, and his son a madman. Take tne following as an example of pure "legitimacy;"—The town of Montpelier complained respectfully that the officers of the king infringed on their rights and privileges—no redress was afforded to their grievances—a tumult arose, and twenty-four of the royal officers were killed. Well. Charles sent the Duke of Berri there with an army. At his approach, the inhabitants and magistrates presented themselves before him, with ropes round their necks, their clothes rent, with the keys of the city gates, followed by the priests and clergy with the cross, dissolved in tears, and crying *misericordia!* In the midst of this deplorable scene, the Duke passed through the gates which were left open, and found the rest of the people on their knees in the streets—men, women, children, the old and the young—all repeating the heart-rending cry, *misericordia, misericordia!*—a detail which cannot be read in the history, without drawing tears of pity. But the Duke, being of a mild, paternal race, saw the actual scene without being in the least moved—he had a scaffold raised on the spot, and pronounced a sentence by which six hundred of the inhabitants, taken discretionally among the people, were condemned to death—two hundred to be hanged, two hundred to be burnt, two hundred to be beheaded—the children of all to be declared infamous, and their goods confiscated. This Duke of Berri was a very "legitimate" personage, and the name remained in the time of Bonaparte and the First Revolution.

The reign of Charles le Bien-Aimé was signalised during its forty years continuance by avarice, ambition and ferocity. During a war with Flanders he beheaded the governors of all the towns which he took, and he hanged up before the gates of his palace three hundred of the principal inhabitants of Paris, Rouen and Orleans, who had ventured to remonstrate against certain taxes.

Charles VII. had Alexander d'Orleans assassinated for speaking ill of him and his amours. He suffered Gilles de Retz, Marechal of France, accused of witchcraft, to be burnt alive; and, from pure cowardice, he refused to save from the flames the heroic Joan of Arc, to whom he owed the preservation of his crown.

The name of Louis XI. is synonymous with all that is treacherous, despotic and superstitious—a bad son, a bad father, a bar-

barous brother, an ungrateful master, a dangerous friend, a perfidious enemy—he made the executioner Tristan his chief favorite and his constant companion. Among the thousands who were sent by him to the scaffold for remonstrating against the increase of taxation, was Jacques d'Armagnac, Duke of Nemours. This nobleman was devotedly attached to his children, and the barbarous king had them placed under the scaffold, clothed in white robes, on which the blood of their father fell. Led from this horrible scene, bathed in tears, and covered with the blood from which they received their own, the young princes were confined in dungeons, made in the form of panniers, pointed at bottom, so that they might have no rest. They were taken out twice a week in order to be scourged, and every three months had a tooth or two drawn.*

Charles VIII. sacrificed his subjects to the pretensions which the House of Anjou had given him to the throne of Naples. In his reign commenced those terrible wars in Italy, which gave the most terrible blows to French liberty, and even to that of all Europe, by necessitating the expedients of finance, and the illegal and unbounded augmentation of the royal revenues. Doomed to wear "a fruitless crown," and hold "a barren sceptre in his gripe, thence to be wrenched with an unlineal hand, no son of his succeeding," he beggared France.

Under the reign of Francis I. the French soil was deeply stained with Protestant blood. The executioners beheaded thousands of victims, who were guilty of no other crime than having prayed to God in a language which they understood. The "Hero of the Field of the Cloth of Gold" was despotic and unmerciful--the patron of American colonization, the friend of literature, but the deadly foe of the Reformation.

Henry II. came to the throne by the death of the Dauphin, who was poisoned by the Count de Montecoculo. He delivered over his subjects to farmers of the revenue, favorites and persecutors, and gave the signal of civil and religious wars. Sacrificing his honor, his interests, his nation and his glory to a ridiculous passion for the Duchesse de Valentinois, he permitted her to condemn Protestants to death, and then enjoy their confiscated estates. Killed in a tournament, he left the crown to his boy-son, whose short reign was stained by persecution, civil war, and bloodshed. Atrocious laws were published against the Protestants, whose sect had increased by the light of the funeral pile, and under the steel of the executioner—the firm resistance of the Chancellor De l'Hopital prevented the establishment of the Inquisition at Paris, but it was advocated by the king, his council, and the parliament.

Charles IX. came to the crown in 1560, when only ten years of age, and executed in childhood what Caligula had only wished. After meditating with profound darkness the most abominable perfidy, he exterminated at one blow an hundred thousand Protestants, giving the fatal signal on the evening of St. Bartholomew. In the capital the streets resounded with the discharges of fire-arms, the cries of the dying, the supplications for mercy of the doomed, and the demoniacal shouts of the murderers. The dastardly monarch fired on the fugitives from his palace windows, and the massacre was repeated in all the towns of France.

Henry III., an indolent prince, enslaved by worthless favorites, and sunk in the most shameless libertinism, gave himself up to the perfidious counsels of his mother, Catherine de Medicis, who cannot be named without horror.

France revived at last under a king who was only a private gentleman. Henry IV., formed in the school of adversity, was accustomed to appreciate men, because he had long need of them, and had proved all the vicissitudes of fortune. Yet his most prominent act was that odious code by which—as a sample of the edicts—"any peasant taken with a fowling-piece, near a thicket where there is game, shall be driven with a whip all around the spot until he drops blood." We have an equal right to reproach this prince with his criminal passion, at the age of fifty-six, for the Princess de Conde—a passion which was the cause of a disastrous war with Spain.

The reign of Louis XIII., called "the Just," was signalised by the destructive proceedings of the sanguinary Richelieu, combining the mischiefs of ministerial and fiscal oppression, and disgracing the nation by that insidious shuffling policy, which became, by way of excellence, *the science of the court.* The massacre of the Protestants at La Rochelle and at Montrevel, the abandonment of the queen-mother, (Mary de Medicis,) and the decapitation of such men as the Marshal de Marillac and Cinq Mars, inspire one with horror and contempt for "Louis the Just." Credulous and fanatic, his reign is nothing but a chaos of intrigues, baseness, perfidy and atrocities, in a court where steel and poison were not spared.

Louis XIV., "the Grand," in the course of a very long reign, finished, by outrages of all kinds, the work of despotism. A proud Sultan, who never knew any other rule but his will, and united to the madness of arbitrary power the fury of intolerance, he drove out of the kingdom a hundred thousand families, carrying with them the arts, the manufactures, the riches of France, to distant nations. The north of Germany, a country yet without industry, held out her arms to these fugitives—a whole suburb in London was peopled with refugee silk-weavers from Lyons —Holland gained some excellent officers and soldiers—and many valuable citizens found a home in the new world. While the proscription was going on, Louis sought to enlarge his colonial possessions, and althougl he had "little opinion" of the value of the newly discovered Mississippi valley, he formed several expeditions for the capture of Boston, and the subjugation of "heretic New Eng-

* Memorial of the Princes to the States—1483.

land" to Catholic Canada.* Having spent during his reign near twenty thousand millions, he left at his death four thousand five hundred millions of national debt. He was barbarous, dissolute, perfidious in his treaties, a pitiable egotist, an unfit administrator, who sacrificed the natural and incalculable riches of France to ruinous illusions.

The reign of Louis XV., called "the Well Beloved," dishonored him and France for forty years in the eyes of the world. Abandoned females often directed his weak-minded ministers, and English gold so corrupted ministers and generals, that battle flags were lowered in defeat—for a consideration. His son died when a youth, leaving a child, whose subsequent bridal with the Austrian Marie Antoinette was marked by the sacrifice of 1200 Parisians, who were crushed or trampled to death during the festivities. In 1774 he succeeded to the throne, (as the thirtieth successor to Hugh Capet,) and as h was greeted king, exclaimed prophetically—"O! God! what a misfortune to me."

After this brief sketch of the "mild paternal sway" which was exercised by the "Legitimate" rulers of France, it is difficult to believe Sir Walter Scott's statement that "the devoted loyalty of the people to their king had been for several ages the most marked characteristic of the nation." Long before young Bonaparte entered upon his career, tides of blood had washed away "the species of devoted attachment with which France formerly regarded the ancient line of her kings."

Bonaparte, unlike most of his fellow pupils, did not regard the Military College as a forge for those mental fetters which despotism seeks to rivet on the salient spirit of its subjects. True, he was a Royal pensioner, and a suppliant for Royal favor. Receiving his commission in August, 1785, he took the prescribed oath of allegiance, but never acknowledged "that power above the law, accountable only to heaven for its exercise, its use or its abuse"—Legitimacy. Uncontaminated by power, his Corsican heart could not collect the sighs and moans of the wretches that she (Legitimacy,) had doomed to pine without a cause in dungeons, to prove that she was the dread sovereign of the human heart—or the groans and shrieks of victims stretched upon the rack, to prove that the minds of men belonged to her—or the cries of hunger, the rags, the emaciated wan looks, by which she proved that the bodies of men were hers. Neither could he forget the wide spreading desolation which she had breathed from her nostrils—the famine and pestilence which she had scattered before her for her wantonness—the desolate Protestant hearthstones crushed under her feet—and the oppressed peasantry, who reverentially bowed before the sacred doctrine of "millions made for one."

These sentiments of hostility to the degenerate Bourbons were not softened by his presentation at court on receiving his commission. Legitimacy (as there personified in Louis XVI. and his brilliant court) passed her time in masque, and dance and dainty revel. The unbounded extravagance of the government had deranged the debt-laden finances, an insolent hereditary nobility exercised odious privileges, while avaricious tax-collectors, and strict monopolies, were meanwhile alienating the affections of the people, whose aversion to Royalty was fanned by the returned volunteers from America.

The young lieutenant and his comrades used to discuss the doctrine of "divine right," and were divided into three parties:—The "*Royalists*" were of opinion that a copious distribution of leaden balls with the stringent powers of steel, were quite sufficient to cure the complaints of the multitude, and to restore vigor to the all but worn out system. The *Patriots* felt desirous to keep the skeleton of government entire, and wished to remove some of the most diseased parts, that they might be replaced with matter of a more healthy complexion. A third party, the "*Republicans*," sought to overturn the Bourbon throne, to abolish hereditary nobility, to secure liberty of conscience, and to build up a free and independent government like that of the United States.*

Bonaparte was certainly not a Royalist, and although he avowed himself a Patriot, his ideas were decidedly Republican. They are stated at length in an essay which he anonymously offered for a prize given by the Academy of Science at Lyons, and which was adjudged to him. "It is impossible," says Sir Walter Scott, "to avoid feeling curiosity to know the character of the juvenile theories respecting government, advocated by one who at length attained the power of practically making what experiments he pleased. Probably his early ideas did not exactly coincide with his more mature practice; for when Talleyrand, many years afterwards, got the Essay out of the records of the Academy, and returned it to the author, Bonaparte destroyed it after he had read a few pages."†

The above statement is as untrue as it is unjust. When a prisoner at St. Helena, Napoleon gave Gen. Montholon a copy of this essay—his original theory of government—with orders to have it published twenty-five years after his death. Its interest calls for its re-production here, as revised after the ratification of the author's experience.‡

"QUESTION, by the ABBE RAYNAL. *What are the principles and institutions, by application of which mankind can be raised to the highest pitch of happiness?*

"ESSAY. Literary societies ought never to have been animated by any other feeling than the love of truth and honor; but there is no truth without prejudice. There are no *men* where *kings* are despotic; there is only the slave *oppressor*, still more vile than the slave *oppressed*. This explains why literary

* Massachusetts Archives.—*French Documents.*

* Life of Napoleon.—*Hodson.*
† Life of Napoleon.—*Scott.*
‡ Address before the Academy.—*Robinson.*

societies, since the beginning of time, have offered the melancholy spectacle of flattery, and the most disgraceful adulation.

"This explains why the really useful sciences, those of morals and of politics, have been suffered to languish in oblivion, or have been lost in the labyrinth of obscurity. They have, however, made rapid progress in latter times. This has been owing to some men of spirit, who, urged forwards by their genius, have feared neither the thunders of a despot nor the dungeons of a Bastile. These rays of light illumined the atmosphere, threw a new light upon public opinion, which, proud of its rights, destroyed the enchantments which had bound the world, as with a spell, for so many centuries. Thus was Rinaldo restored to virtue and to himself, as soon as a courageous and friendly hand held up to him the buckler, in which were traced at the same time his duty and his apathy.

"To what can we with more propriety compare the immortal works of these great men, than to the divine buckler of Tasso? The liberty thus acquired after an energetic struggle of twenty months, and the most violent exertions, will be forever a glory to France, to philosophy, and to literature. Under these circumstances, the Academy proposes *to determine those truths and feelings which it is most necessary to inculcate upon man for his happiness*. This question, really worthy of the consideration of the free man, is in itself an eulogy on the sages who proposed it. None is more likely to answer the purpose of the founder.

"Illustrious Raynal! If, in the course of a life harassed by prejudice and the great whom thou hast unmasked, thou hast ever been constant and immovable in thy zeal for suffering and oppressed humanity, deign this day, in the midst of the applause of an immense nation,—which, called by thee to liberty, renders to thee its first homage,—deign to smile upon the efforts of a zealous disciple, whose feeble attempts thou hast been kind enough sometimes to encourage. The question which I am about to consider is worthy of thy pencil; but, without aiming at possessing its power, I have exclaimed, '*I, too, am a painter!*'

"It is indispensably necessary, in the first place, to fix clearly our ideas of happiness.

"Man is born to be happy. Nature, a beneficent mother, has endowed him with all the organs necessary to this first design of his creation. Happiness, then, is nothing more than that enjoyment of his life, which is most conformable to his organization. Men of all climates, of all sects, of all religions! are there any among you, the prejudices of whose dogmas should prevent you from acknowledging the truth of this principle? Let such, if any there be, consider truly and honestly,—and then let them say whether they do not believe with me in this.

"We must live, then, in a manner conformable to our organization, or we cannot be happy.

"Our animal organization feels certain indispensable cravings, those of eating, drinking, procreation; nourishment, therefore, a lodging, a covering, a wife, are indispensably necessary to our happiness.

"Our intellectual organization gives rise to demands no less imperious, and the satisfaction of which is much more precious. It is in their full development that happiness is really to be sought. Perception and the reasoning powers form the essence of man. These are his titles to the supremacy, which he has acquired, which he retains, and will retain forever.

"Our feelings revolt against restraint, render dear to us the beautiful and the just, and disagreeable to us the oppressor and the wicked. Wo to him who does not acknowledge these truths! He knows nothing of life but the shade; he knows no pleasure but the enjoyment of sense.

"Our reasoning powers lead us to make comparisons. From reasoning arises perfection as the fruit from the tree. Reason, the inexorable judge of our actions, ought also to be their invariable guide. The eyes of reason preserve man from the precipice of his passions, in the same way as its decrees modify ever the feelings of his rights. Feeling gives rise to society; reason maintains it entire.

"It is necessary for us therefore to eat, to drink. to procreate, to feel, and to reason, in order to live like men; that is, in order to be happy.

"Of all the legislators, whom the esteem of their fellow-citizens has raised up to give them laws, none appear to have been more convinced of these truths than Lycurgus and Paoli. It was by very different courses, however, that they have put them in practice by their legislation.

"The Lacedæmonians enjoyed an abundance of food, they had convenient habitations and dress, their wives were robust, they reasoned in their social meetings, and their government was a free one. They enjoyed their strength, their glory, the esteem of their countrymen, the prosperity of their country. These were all means of gratifying their feelings. Their affections were excited—their families, their emotions, roused—by the various views and the beautiful climate of Greece; but it was principally at the sight of strength and virtue that they felt moved. Virtue consisted in courage and strength. Energy is the life of the soul, as well as the mainspring of reason.

"The actions of a Spartan were those of a strong man; the strong man is good, the weak man wicked. The Spartan lived in a manner conformable to his organization; he was happy.

"But all this is but a dream. On the banks of the Eurotas, at the present day, resides a pasha of three tails; and the traveller, grieving over this sight, retires affrighted, almost doubting for a moment the goodness of the Governor of the universe.

"But to conduct men to happiness, must they, then, be equal in means? To what point must the love of an equality of faculties be inculcated upon them? S[illegible] feeling is

necessary to a happy life, what are the feelings with which they should be inspired? What are the truths which ought to be explained to them? You say, without reasoning no happiness can be complete.

"FIRST PART.

"Man, at his birth, brings with him into the world a right to that portion of the fruits of the earth necessary for his subsistence.

"After the buoyancy of childhood comes the commencement of passion. He chooses, from among the companions of his sports, her who is to be the companion of his destiny. His vigorous arms, in connection with his wants, demand labor; he casts a glance around him; he sees the earth, divided among a few possessors, affording the means of luxury and superfluity. He asks himself, 'By what right do these people possess this? Why is the idler everything, the laborer nothing? Why have they left me nothing of all this,—to *me*, who have a wife, an aged father and mother, to maintain?'

"He runs to the minister, the confidant of his secrets; he explains to him his doubts. 'Man,' answers the priest, 'never reflects upon the existence of society; God conducts all; abandon yourself to Providence; this life is only a passage; all things are disposed by a Justice, the decrees of which we should not seek to explain. Believe, obey, never areson, and work;—these are your duties.'

"A proud soul, a sensitive heart, a natural reason, cannot be satisfied with this answer. He wishes to communicate his doubts and his inquietude, and goes to the wisest man of the country,—a notary. 'Man of wisdom,' says he, 'they have divided the goods of the country, and have given me nothing.' The wise man laughs at his simplicity, takes him into his study, leads him from act to act, from contract to contract, from testament to testament, and proves to him the legitimacy of the division of which he complains.

"'What! are these the titles of these gentlemen?' he exclaims, indignantly; 'mine are more sacred, more incontestable, more universal; they are renewed with my breathing, circulate with my blood, are written on my nerves and in my heart; they are the necessity of my existence, and, above all, of my happiness.' And, with these words, he seizes these papers, and casts them into the fire.

"He immediately begins to fear the powerful arm *called* justice; he flees to his hut, and throws himself in violent emotion on the calm body of his father. The venerable old man, blind and paralyzed with age, seems only still to live by the forgetfulness of the great tyrant, Death. 'My father,' he cries, 'you gave me life, and with it a lively desire for happiness; and now, my father, robbers have divided everything among themselves. I have but my arms left; for these they could not take from me. I am condemned, then, to the most ceaseless labor, to the most degrading toil, for money. Neither under the sun of August, nor during the frosts of January, will there be any repose for your son. And, as the reward of such great labor, others will gather the harvest produced by the sweat of my brow! And if I could even supply all that is necessary, I must feed, clothe, and keep warm a whole family! We shall be in want of bread, my heart will be torn at every moment, my sensibility will be blunted, my reason will be obscured. O, my father, I shall live stupid and miserable, and perhaps wicked! I shall live unhappy. Was I born for this?'

"'My son,' answers the venerable old man, 'the sacred characters of nature are traced in your bosom in all their energy; preserve them carefully, in order to live happy and strong; but listen attentively to what the experience of eighty years has taught me. My son, I reared you in my arms, I witnessed your young years; and now, when your heart begins to palpitate, your nerves are doubtless accustomed to labor, but to moderate labor, which refreshes the body, excites the feelings, and calms the impatient imagination. My son, have you ever wanted for anything? Your dress is coarse, your habitation rustic, your food simple; but once more I ask, have you ever had a desire unsatisfied? Your sentiments are pure as your sensations, as yourself. You wished for a wife; my son, you have chosen one. I aided with my experience to direct your youthful heart. O, my tender friend, why do you complain? You fear for the future; act always as you have hitherto done, and you need not fear it.

"'My son, if I had been among the number of those miserable men who possess nothing, I should have trained your body to the animal yoke; I should myself have stifled your feelings and your ideas; I should have made you the first of the animals in your shed. Bent under the dominion of habit, you would have lived tranquil in your apathy, contented in your ignorance; you would not have been happy, O my son, but you would have died without knowing that you had lived; for, as you yourself say, in order to live, it is necessary to feel and to reason, and then not to be weighed down by physical wants. Yes, good young man, let this information console and refresh you; calm your inquietude; these fields, this hut, these cattle, are ours. I have purposely kept you in ignorance of this; it is so happy and so sweet to rise, so hard to descend!

"'Your father will soon be no more; he has lived long enough, he has known true pleasures, and now feels the greatest of all, since he once more presses you to his bosom. Impress one thing on your heart, my son, if you wish to imitate him: your soul is ardent, but your wife, this sweet gift of love, and your children, what objects are these, with which to fill the void in your heart! Do not nourish a cupidity of riches. Riches only influence happiness in as far as they procure or refuse physical necessaries. You have these necessaries, and with them a habit of labor. You are the richest man in the country; bridle, then, your disordered imagination; you require but to call reason to your aid.

"'Are the rich happy? They have it in

their power to be so, but not more than you have; they have it in their power, I say, for they are rarely happy. Happiness resides especially in your station of life, because it is that of reason and feeling. The station of the rich is the empire of a disordered imagination, of vanity, sensual enjoyments, caprice, and fantasy;—never envy it. And even should all the riches of the country be offered you, cast them far from you; except, indeed, you should receive them for the purpose of dividing them immediately among your fellow-citizens. But, my son, this struggle of strength of mind and magnanimity is only fitting for a god. Be a man, but a true one; live master of yourself. Without strength of mind there is neither virtue nor happiness.'

"I have thus demonstrated the two extremes of the social chain; yes, gentlemen, let the rich man be made one, I consent to this; but let not the miserable man be made the other; let it be the small proprietor, or small merchant, or the skilful artisan, who may, by moderate labor, feed, clothe, and lodge his family. You will recommend, then, to the legislator, not to establish the civil law under which a few men might possess everything. He must resolve his political problem in such a manner that even the least may have something. He will not by this means establish equality; for the two extremes are so distant, and the latitude so great, that inequality may exist in the intervening ranks. Man can be happy in the hut as well as in the palace, covered with skins as well as clothed with embroidery from Lyons, at the frugal table of Cincinnatus as well as at that of Vitellius; *but then he must have this hut, these skins, this frugal table.* How can the legislator bring this about? How can he resolve his political problem in such a manner that even the lowest may have something? The difficulties are great, and I know of no one who understands better how to overcome them than Monsieur Paoli.

"M. Paoli, whose solicitude for the welfare of humanity and of his fellow-countrymen is his distinguishing characteristic, who for a moment revived in the middle of the Mediterranean the splendid days of Sparta and of Athens,—M. Paoli, full of those feelings and of that genius which Nature sometimes unites in one man for the consolation of nations, appeared in Corsica, and drew the eyes of Europe upon himself. His fellow-citizens, tossed hither and thither by wars at home and abroad, recognized his ascendant, and proclaimed him nearly in the same manner as the citizens of Athens formerly did Solon, or those of Rome the triumvirate.

"Affairs were in such disorder, that a magistrate, clothed with great authority, and possessing transcendent genius, alone could save his country.

"Happy the nation in which the social chain is not firmly enough riveted to cause fear of the consequences of such a rash step! Happy when it produces men who justify this unbounded confidence, who render themselves worthy of it!

"Placed at the helm of affairs, and summoned by his countrymen to give them laws, M. Paoli established a constitution, founded not only on the same principles as the existing one, but even on the same administrative divisions; there were municipalities, districts, procurators, and a system of the procurators of the country. He overthrew the clergy, and appropriated the property of the bishops to the nation. In short, the course of his government was almost that of actual revolution. He found, in his unequalled activity, in his warm and persuasive eloquence, and in his penetrating and supple genius, means of protecting his new constitution from the attacks of the malicious and his enemies, for Corsica was then at war with Genoa.

"But M. Paoli's principal merit in our eyes is, that he seemed convinced of the principle, established by civil law, that the legislator should assure to every man such a portion of property as would suffice, with moderate labor, for his support. For this purpose, he separated the territories of each village into two kinds; those of the first order, plains fit for sowing or for pasturage; and those of the second order, mountains fit for the cultivation of olive-trees, chestnut-trees, and trees of all kinds. The lands of the first order, called pasture-lands, became public property; but the temporary use of them was enjoyed by individuals. Every three years, the pasture-ground of each village was divided among the inhabitants. The lands of the second order, susceptible of peculiar cultivation, remained under the inspection of individual interest.

"By this wise arrangement, every citizen was born a proprietor, without destroying industry, or injuring the progress of agriculture; in short, without having helots.

"But all legislators have not found themselves in the same circumstances; they have not all been able to manage affairs, and to conduct them to such a happy issue; but yet, pressed by the principle, they have rendered homage to it by excluding from society all those who possessed nothing, or did not pay a certain tax. Why this second injustice? Because the man whom the laws have not enabled to be happy cannot be a citizen,—because the man who has no interest in the maintenance of the civil law is its enemy,—a portion of property ought to have been secured to him, in order to interest him and attach him to this law; but, in default of this, it has been necessary to exclude him, as a degraded, dull creature, and, as such, incapable of exercising a portion of the sovereignty. These are doubtless the political reasons; but what are they in the eyes of morality, of humanity? When I see one of these unfortunate creatures transgress the law of the state, and suffer for it, I say to myself, 'It is the strong making the weak their victim.' I imagine I see the American perishing for having violated the law of the Spaniard.

"After having persuaded the legislator that he should care equally for the fate of all ranks of citizens in the enaction of his civil law, you will say to the rich man, 'Your riches constitute your misfortune: remain within the limits of your senses; you will then be no

longer uneasy or fantastical. How many young house-keepers run to ruin, because they are in want of the very thing which makes you so uneasy ! You have too much, and they have not enough. Your lot is the same, with this difference,—that you, being wiser, might remedy it, whilst they can only groan. . . . Man of ice, does your heart, then, never beat? I pity you ; I abhor you ; you are unhappy, and the cause of unhappiness in others.'

"Without marriage, we have said, there is neither health nor happiness ; you will, therefore, teach the numerous class of advocates of celibacy, that their pleasures are not true ones, except you find that, convinced that they cannot live without wives, they seek in those of other men the gratification of their appetites ; you will then publicly denounce them. You will teach them that the happy man alone is worthy of his Creator ; that the Fakir who mutilates himself is a monster of depravity and folly.

"You will laugh with indignant disdain, when they endeavor to persuade you that perfection consists in celibacy. You have opened tthe great book of reason and feeling, and will pherefore disdain to answer the sophisms of prejudice and hypocrisy.

"Let the civil law secure to every one physical necessaries ; let the inextinguishable thirst for riches be displaced by the consoling feeling of happiness. At your voice, let the old man be the father of his children ; let him divide the property equally among them; and let the pleasant sight of eight happy households cause the barbarous laws of primogeniture to be forever abhorred. Let man, in short, learn that his true glory is to live as a man ; and at this voice let the enemies of Nature be silent, and bite their serpent tongues with rage. Let the minister of the most sublime of religions, who should bring peace and consolation to the wounded souls of the unfortunate, learn to know the sweet emotions of love ; let the nectar of pleasure make him sincerely sensible of the greatness of the Author of his being ; then, truly worthy of public confidence, he will be a man of Nature, and an interpreter of her decrees. Let him choose a companion ; that day will be the triumph of morality, and the true friends of Nature will celebrate it heartily. The minister, awakened to a feeling of these new joys, will bless the age of reason as he tastes its first benefits.

"These, gentlemen, are the truths, as far as regards animal necessities, which must be taught to men for their happiness.

"SECOND PART.

"What is sentiment? It is the bond of life, of society, of love, of friendship. It is that which unites the son to the mother, the citizen to his country ; it is especially powerful in the child of Nature ; dissipation and the pleasures of sense destroy its delicacy and refinement, but in misfortune man always finds it again ; it is that spirit of consolation which never abandons us but with our lives.

"Are you not satisfied ? Climb to one of the peaks of Mount Blanc ; watch the sun emerging by degrees, bringing consolation and warmth to the hut of the laborer. Let the first beam which he sheds dwell and be remembered in your heart. Bear in mind the pleasure you enjoy.

"Descend to the coast of the sea ; observe the god of day sinking majestically into the bosom of infinity ;—melancholy will overpower you,—you will abandon yourself to its impression : no man can resist the melancholy of Nature.

"Stand under the monument of St. Remi, —contemplate its majesty ; the picture of these proud Romans, traced in past ages, transports you into the society of Æmilius, Scipio, and Fabius. You return to yourself to gaze on the mountains at a distance, covered with a dark veil, crowning the immense plain of Tarascon, where a hundred thousand Cimbrians lie buried. The Rhone flows at its extremity more rapid than an arrow ; a road lies upon the left, a small town in the distance, a flock in the meadows. You dream, without doubt. It is the dream of sentiment.

"Wander abroad into the country ; take shelter in the miserable cabin of a shepherd ; pass the night stretched upon sheep-skins, with your feet to the fire. What a situation ! Midnight strikes ; all the cattle of the neighborhood go forth to pasture ; their lowings commingle with the voices of their conductors. It is midnight,—forget it not ; this is the moment to hold deep communion with yourself, to meditate on the origin of Nature, and to taste its most exquisite delights.

"On your return from a long walk, you are overtaken by the night ; you arrive by the light of the silvery rays in the perfect silence of the universe ; you have been oppressed by the burning heat of the dog-star ; you taste the delights of the evening freshness, and the salutary balm of meditation.

"Your family is gone to bed, your lights are extinguished, but not your fire ; the cold and frosts of January obstruct vegetation in your garden. What do you for several hours? I do not suppose that you wander forth, possessed with the passion or ambition for wealth ; in what are you engaged ? You commune with yourself.

"You know that the metropolitan church of St. Peter's at Rome is as large as a town ; a single lamp burns before the grand altar. You enter there at ten o'clock in the evening, and grope your way ; the feeble light does not enable you to see anything but itself ; you believe you are only entering when the morning is already arrived ; Aurora sheds her light through the windows, and the paleness of the morning succeeds to the darkness of the night ; you at length begin to think of retiring, but you have been there six hours ! Could I have written down your thoughts, how interesting to morality would they have been !

"Curiosity, the mother of life, has led you to embark for Greece ; you are driven by the currents on the isle of Monte Christo ; at night you seek for shelter ; you traverse the little rock, and you find one upon a height, in the

midst of the ruins of an old monastery, behind a crumbling wall covered with ivy and rosemary; you arrange your tent; you are surrounded on all sides by the mighty sea, and the hoarse roaring of its waves, as they dash against the rocks, suggests to you the idea of this element so terrible to the feeble voyager. A light covering and a wall fifteen centuries old form your shelter; you are excited by the agitation of sentiment.

"Are you, at seven o'clock in the morning, in the midst of flowery thickets, or in a vast forest, during the season of fruit? Are you asleep in a grotto surrounded by the waters of the Dryads, during the raging heat of the dog-star? You will pass whole hours alone, unable to tear yourself away from the scene or to bear the intrusion of those who come to interrupt your enjoyment.

"He is not human who has not experienced the sweetness, the melancholy, the thrill which most of these situations afford. How deeply do I pity him, who cannot comprehend, or has never been affected by, the electricity of Nature! If sentiment made us experience these delightful emotions only, it would even then have done much for us; it would have afforded us a succession of enjoyments without regrets, without fatigue, without any kind of violent excitement; these would have been its precious gifts, had not patriotism, conjugal affection, and divine friendship been also among the number of its bounties.

"You return to your country after many years of absence; you traverse the scenes of your youth, which were witnesses to the agitation which the first knowledge of men and the morning of passion produced in your senses. In a moment you live through the life of your youth, and participate in its pleasures. You say you have a father, an affectionate mother, sisters still more innocent, brothers, at the same time friends; O, happy man! run, fly, lose not a moment! Should death stop you on the way, you will not have known the delights of life, those of sweet gratitude, of tender respect, and of sincere friendship. But you say, 'I have a wife and children.' A wife and children! It is too much, my dear friend, it is too much; never leave them more. Pleasure would overwhelm you on your return, grief oppress you at your departure. A wife and children, father and mother, brothers and sisters, a friend! And yet we complain of Nature and say, 'Why were we born?' We submit with impatience to the transitory evils of life, and run with wild impetuosity after the emptiness of vanity and riches! What, then, O unfortunate mortals, is the depraving draught, which has thus altered the inclination inscribed in your blood, your nerves, and your eyes? Had you a soul as ardent as the fires of Etna, if you had a father, a mother, a wife and children, you would have no reason to dread the anxieties and wearisomeness of life.

"Yes, these are the only, the real pleasures of life, from which nothing can distract you. It is vain for man to surround himself with all the blessings of fortune. As soon as these sentiments fly from the heart, tedium seizes upon him, sadness, gloomy melancholy, and despair succeed; and if this condition continues, he relieves himself by death.

"Pontaveri was torn away from Tahiti, conducted to Europe, watched with care, and loaded with attentions; no means of distraction were neglected or forgotten. One single object attracted his attention, and snatched him from the arms of grief. It was the mulberry tree. He embraced it with transport, exclaiming, 'Tree of my country! tree of my country!' All that the court of Copenhagen could offer was lavished in vain on five Greenlanders; anxiety for their country and their family brought on melancholy, and melancholy was the precursor of death. Instead of this, how many English, Dutch, and French are there, who live among savages! These unhappy men were degraded in Europe, the sport of the passions, and the melancholy refuse of the great, whilst the man of nature lives happily in the bosom of sentiment and natural reason.

"We have now seen how sentiment enables us to enjoy ourselves, nature, our country, and those who surround us. It remains to observe how it makes us thrill at the contemplation of the different vicissitudes of life. Here we become convinced, that if it makes us friends of what is lovely and just, it fills us with repugnance towards the oppressor and the wicked.

"A young beauty has just entered her sixteenth year; the roses on her cheeks are changed for the lily, the fire of her eyes is extinguished; the vivacity of her graces degenerate into the languor of melancholy;—*she loves.* Does she inspire you with respect, with confidence? It is the respect, the confidence, of sentiment. Does she inspire you with contempt for her weakness? Be it so; but never utter it, if you value my esteem.

"Nina loved; her well-beloved died; she would have died with him; she survived him long, but only to remain faithful to him. Nina knew well that the object of her affections was dead, but sentiment could not conceive of his annihilation. She waited for it always, she would wait for it still. You complain contemptuously of her folly. Harsh man! instead of that, feel esteem for her constancy and the tenderness of her heart. This is the esteem and tenderness of sentiment.

"An adored wife has died; she was the wife of your enemy. The unfortunate husband is overwhelmed with his loss. He flees from the society of men; the drapery of mourning displaces the garments of rejoicing. Two torches are upon the table. Despair is in his heart. Thus he passes the languishing remnant of his life. With a good soul, you feel your hatred appeased; you run to her tomb, and lavish upon it marks of the reconciliation of sentiment.

"You have read Tacitus; which of you has not cried out with Cato the younger, 'Let some one give me a sword, that I may kill the monster'? Now, at the expiration of two thousand years, the recital of the deeds of Marius, Sylla, Nero, Caligula, and Domitian,

excite feelings of apathy and repugnance. Their memory is that of hatred and execration."

Flattered by the praises bestowed upon his prize essay, Bonaparte commenced a "History of Corsica," which he intended to have dedicated to the Abbe Raynal. Quartered at the house of a Valencian bookseller, who allowed him to peruse the works on his shelves, the young Lieutenant pushed his studies beyond the limits of his profession, into the regions of ecclesiastical history, and Roman jurisprudence. Animated by an ardent desire to enrich his mind by every means within his power, he never slighted any opportunity that presented itself for study. Asked at St. Helena how it was possible he had become so familiarized with the intricacy of law as to have conceived the "Code Napoleon," he replied: "When I was merely a lieutenant, at Valence, I was put under arrest—unjustly, it is true, but that is nothing to the point. The little room which was assigned for my prison, contained no other furniture but an old chair, an old bed, and an old cupboard;—in the cupboard, however, was a ponderous folio volume, older and more worm-eaten than all the rest; it proved to be the Roman Digest of laws. As I had no paper, pens, ink, or pencils, you may easily imagine that this book was a valuable prize to me. It was so voluminous, and the leaves were so covered with marginal notes in manuscript, that, had I been confined a hundred years, I should never have been idle. I was only ten days deprived of my liberty—but, on recovering it, I was saturated with Justinian and the decisions of the Roman legislators. Thus it was that I picked up my knowledge of civil law."*

Madame Colombier, a wealthy widow lady, whose house was the most fashionable resort in Valence, was struck with the young Lieutenant's strong and brilliant faculties. Under her patronage he was introduced into society, and shook off many of his unsocial habits, although he never neglected his studies, even when he conceived an attachment for the daughter of his kind friend. Mademoiselle du Colombier was about his own age, and their affection—judging from his account of it in after years, — was truly "Love's young dream." "We were (he said) the most innocent creatures imaginable—we contrived short interviews together —I well remember one which took place on a midsummer morning, just as daylight began to dawn. It will scarcely be believed that all our happiness consisted in eating cherries together!"

This "first love," pure as the dew on the cherries, proved to be as transient, and when the fond pair met again, (it was at Lyons, in 1805,) there was a wide social difference between the Emperor Napoleon and the humble Madame de Bressieux. It was with difficulty that she obtained access to her old admirer, but she found him grateful for the kindness which her deceased mother had evinced towards him. He appointed Monsieur de Bressieux Tobacco Inspector at Lyons, and bestowed on his old sweetheart the lucrative situation of Lady of Honor to his sister Pauline.

Ordered with his company from Valence to Lyons, in consequence of popular disturbances, Bonaparte was for some months an attentive observer in the most revolutionary of French cities. Oppressed by misrule, and denied that protection which all good governments give to the manufacturing interests, the Lyonnais boldly discussed the doctrine of divine right. Every post from Paris brought philosophical essays, recommended to the hearts of the people by their wit, energy, learning, and novelty of subject. The crimes of the Capet dynasty were denounced—the claims of the people to be governed for their good were asserted—the sophisms, avarice, and ignorance of a bigotted and intolerant clergy were detected and exposed.

A king who could have profited by these new lessons, who could have imbued himself with the full spirit of liberty, and the perfect consciousness of right which were now manifested, might have held his seat, have been obeyed and immortalised as the saviour of his country. Louis was a different character. With the best wishes, he had not the knowledge necessary to secure the happiness of his people. Positive of his hereditary rights, he was blind to his ignorance—he could not be persuaded that he must be taught how to govern a great nation, or yield the reins to those who had the skill to guide it—but the cup of aggression was full, and soon ran over. The people were not so enlightened as to be able constitutionally to improve the existing order of things, but they saw the necessity and felt the power to destroy and to re-model it. At Lyons, as throughout France, individuals saw this necessity and felt this power. Their ideas were communicated—clubs were formed—and combination produced its natural effect.

Louis, who, at his succession, felt in some degree the popular wants, and appeared anxious to meet them, by employing popular ministers and issuing popular ordinances, was overpowered by the influence of his queen, the unceasing efforts of the noblesse and the privileged clergy, and by the conviction that every advance he made towards concession appeared to render the people more eager in their demands and more unsatisfied with their situation. He was disgusted with the ill success of his efforts. Marie Antoinette and the courtiers laughed at his failures, and lured him from his patriotic career to the frivolities of the court, and the arbitrary measures that usually emanate from extravagance and folly. Every courier from Paris carried news of masques, revels, and dissipation, into towns where thousands lacked the necessities of life. It was not strange, then, that Napoleon's anti-monarchical opinions were strengthened during his residence among the destitute silk-weavers of Lyons.

The assembly of the "States-General" at Versailles, on the 5th of May, 1789, has

* Conversations.—*O'Meara.*

been called by historians the *first day of the Revolution.* Gouverneur Morris, who was then in France, (prosecuting a claim of Robert Morris against the Farmers General for a shipment of tobacco,) described this funereal ceremony over the Capet dynasty, in the following letter to a female relative in Philadelphia :

"I had the honor to be present on the fifth of this month at the opening of the States-General ; a spectacle more solemn to the mind, than gaudy to the eye. And yet, there was displayed everything of noble and of royal in this titled country. A great number of fine women, and a very great number of fine dresses, ranged round the Hall. On a kind of stage the throne ; on the left of the King, and a little below him, the Queen ; a little behind him to the right, and on chairs, the Princes of the blood ; on the right and left, at some distance from the throne, the various Princesses, with the gentlemen and ladies of their retinue. Advanced on the stage, to the left of the throne, the Keeper of the Seals. Several officers of the household, richly caparisoned, strewed about in different places. Behind the throne, a cluster of guards, of the largest size, dressed in ancient costumes, taken from the times of chivalry. In front of the throne on the right, below the stage, the Ministers of state, with a large table before them. On the opposite side of the hall some benches, on which sat the Maréchals of France, and other great officers. In front of the Ministers, on benches facing the opposite side of the hall, sat the Representatives of the Clergy, being priests of all colors, scarlet, crimson, black, white, and grey, to the number of three hundred. In front of the Maréchals of France, on benches facing the Clergy, sat an equal number of Representatives of the Nobility, dressed in a robe of black, waistcoats of cloth of gold, and over their shoulders, so as to hang forward to their waists, a kind of lappels, about a quarter of a yard wide at the top, and wider at bottom, made of cloth of gold. On benches, which reached quite across the hall, and facing the stage, sat the Representatives of the People, clothed in black. In the space between the Clergy and Nobles, directly in front of the Representatives of the People, and facing the throne, stood the heralds at arms, with their staves, and in very rich dresses.

"When the King entered, he was saluted with a shout of applause. Some time after he had taken his seat, he put on a round beaver, ornamented with white plumes, the part in front turned up, with a large diamond button in the centre. He read his speech well, and was interrupted at a part, which affected his audience, by a loud shout of *Vive le Roi.* After this had subsided, he finished his speech, and received again an animated acclamation of applause. He then took off his hat, and after a while put it on again, at which the Nobles also put on their hats, which resembled the King's, excepting the button. The effect of this display of plumage was fine.

"The Keeper of the Seals then performed his genuflexions to the throne, and mumbled out, in a very ungraceful manner, a speech of considerable length, which nobody pretends to judge of, because nobody heard it. He was succeeded by M. Necker, who soon handed his speech to his clerk, being unable to go through with it. The clerk delivered it much better than the Minister, and that is no great praise. It was three hours long, contained many excellent things, but too much of compliment, too much of repetition, and indeed too much of everything, for it was too long by two hours, and yet fell short in some capital points of great expectation. He received, however, very repeated plaudits from the audience, some of which were merited, but more were certainly paid to his character, than to his composition. M. Necker's long speech now comes to a close, and the King rises to depart. The Hall resounds with a long loud *Vive le Roi.* He passes the Queen, who rises to follow him. At this moment some one, imbued with the milk of human kindness, originates a faint *Vive la Reine.* She makes a humble courtesy and presents the sinking of the high Austrian spirit ; a livelier acclamation in return, and to this her lowlier bending, which is succeeded by a shout of loud applause. Here drops the curtain on the first great act of this great drama, in which a Bourbon gives freedom. His courtiers seem to feel, what he seems to be insensible of, the pang of greatness going off."

On the 17th of June, the "third estate" or popular branch of the States-General, (after having in vain invited the "nobles" and the "prelates" to join them,) constituted themselves into a National Assembly. The King, during an excursion with Marie Antoinette and her courtiers, resolved to put down this revolutionary demonstration by force, and on the 20th of June the "third estate" found their hall closed by royal order. They immediately repaired to a large building used for playing tennis-ball, and there, enclosed by bare walls, with heads uncovered, and a spontaneous burst of enthusiasm, made a solemn vow, never to separate until they had given France a Constitution.

On the 23d, the King tried his power to dissolve the Assembly which he had inaugurated with pomp and ceremony, but although the nobility and clergy obeyed, the deputies of the people sat still. "Go tell your master," said Mirabeau to the officer who ordered the deputies to disperse, "that we are here by order of the people ; and that we shall not retire but at the point of the bayonet."* An armed insurrection broke out at Paris on the 11th of July, and on Tuesday the 14th, the Bastile was taken by the populace. Earth was lightened of a load that oppressed it, nor did this ghastly object any longer startle the sight, like an ugly spider lying in wait for its accustomed prey, and brooding in sullen silence over the wrongs which it had the will, though not the power to inflict.†

* Louis Blanc considers this apocryphal.
† Life of Napoleon.—*Hazlitt.*

On the 1st of June, 1789, Bonaparte was ordered from Lyons to Auxonne, where there was a Royal school of Artillery. Politics continued to occupy his attention, and the stirring events at Paris but fanned his opposition to royalty, though his letters show that he thought more of securing the blessings of liberty to Corsica than to France. A bitter epistle to Buttafoco, the Corsican deputy of the nobles in the Assembly, was republished by the patriotic club of "Ajaccio," who under its influence, passed a resolution, attaching the epithet "infamous" to the name of this noble representative. The following characteristic letter, addressed to Gen. Paoli, (then an exile in England,) exhibits the Corsican "*Vendetta*" of the writer, with a democratic spirit which places the political opinions of the future Emperor in a clear light :—

"General—I was born when my country was perishing. Thirty thousand Frenchmen landed upon our coast, bathing the throne of liberty with streams of blood. Such was the odious spectacle which first presented itself to my sight. The cries of the dying, the groans of the oppressed, the tears of despair, were the companions of my infant days. You quitted our island, and with you disappeared all hopes of happiness ; slavery was the reward of our submission. Loaded with the triple chain of the soldier, the legislator, and the tax-gatherer, our countrymen lived despised by those who have the command over us. Is it not the greatest pain that one who has the slightest elevation of sentiment can suffer ? Can the wretched Peruvian, writhing under the tortures of the avaricious Spaniard, feel a greater ? No ! Wretches, whom a desire of gain and plunder corrupts, to justify themselves, have invented calumnies against the National Government, and against you, sir, in particular ; authors, confiding in their veracity, transmit them to posterity. While perusing them, my heart boils with indignation, and I have resolved to dissipate these delusions, the offspring of ignorance. An early study of the French language, long observation, and the memorials to which I have had access in the portfolios of the patriots, have led me to promise myself some success. I wish to compare your government with the present one. I wish to blacken with the pencil of dishonor those who have betrayed the common cause ; I wish to call before the tribunal of public opinion those who are in power ; set forth their vexatious proceedings, expose their secret intrigues, and, if possible, interest the present virtuous minister in the deplorable situation that we are now in. If my fortune permitted me to live in the capital, I should have found out other means of making known our complaints ; but being obliged to serve in the army, I find myself thus compelled to make use of this, the only means of publicity ; for, as to private memorials, either they would not reach the government, or, stifled by the clamors of the parties concerned, they would only occasion the ruin of the author.

"Still young, my enterprise may seem daring ; but love for truth, of my country and fellow citizens, that enthusiasm which the prospect of an amelioration in our state always gives, bears me up. If you, General, condescend to approve of a work in which your name will so often occur, if you condescend to encourage the efforts of a young man whom you have known from infancy, and whose parents were always attached to the good cause, I shall dare to augur favorably of my success. I hoped at one time to be able to go to London, to express to you the sentiments you have raised in my bosom, and to converse together on the misfortunes of our country ; but the distance is an objection ; perhaps a time will come when I shall be able to overcome it. Whatever may be the success of my undertaking, I know that it will raise against me the numerous body of Frenchmen who govern our island, and whom I attack ; but what matters it, so as the welfare of my country is concerned ? I shall hear the wicked upbraid ; and if the bolt fall, I shall examine my heart and shall recollect the lawfulness of my motives, and at that moment I shall defy it.

"Permit me, General, to offer you the homage of my family—why should I not add, of my countrymen ? They sigh at the recollection of a time when they had hoped for liberty. My mother, Madame Lætitia, has charged me, above all, to recall to your remembrance the years long since passed at Corté. I remain with respect, General,

Your most humble
And most obedient servant,
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE,
Officer in the regiment of La Fère."

In reply to this letter, Gen. Paoli furnished his young countryman with valuable materials for the work upon which he was occupied, and it was soon completed. Monsieur Joly, a printer at Dole, had published Napoleon's "Letter to Buttafoco," and was invited to Auxonne, in order to make arrangements for publishing the "History of Corsica." Circumstances prevented the execution of the contract, and Sir Walter Scott says : "the work on Corsica was never printed, nor has a trace of it been discovered." This is an error. Napoleon had the manuscript at St. Helena, and sent it with other valuable documents to Cardinal Fesch. In 1840 it was the property of M. Libri, an officer in the French Department of public instruction.

It was the steady aim of the author of Waverley to represent Napoleon as originally "na indigent adventurer," and to give a mean coloring to his early life. He accordingly states that M. Joly, on visiting Auxonne, "found the future Emperor in a naked barrack room, the sole furniture of which consisted of a wretched bed without curtains, a table placed in the embrasure of a window, loaded with books and papers, and two chairs. His brother Louis, whom he was teaching mathematics, lay on a wretched mattress in an adjoining closet." In answer

to which, Louis Bonaparte observes :* "This passage contains almost as many falsehoods as lines. I recollect very well that, on my account, a larger and more commodious apartment was assigned to my brother than to the other officers of his rank. The furniture could not be either better or worse than that of his comrades, because they were all in barracks, and of course lodged and furnished by the state. I remember that I had a very good chamber, and an excellent bed. My brother directed my studies, but I had proper masters, even in literature." We also find that Napoleon prepared Louis for his confirmation in the Roman Catholic church, and so strong was the respect of the young Lieutenant for religious observances, that he was entrusted with the altar furniture of the regiment, when the office of chaplain was abolished.

Promoted to a 1st lieutenancy in the regiment of Grenoble, (the 4th artillery,) he joined it at Valence. Obtaining a short leave of absence, he made an excursion with a comrade into Burgundy, and stopping at Nuits, they were invited to pass the evening with M. Gassendi, (a captain of their regiment,) who had married the daughter of a physician residing there. Gassendi was a royalist, his father-in-law a patriot. Their opposition was displayed by a warm discussion at supper, in which Bonaparte's superior intelligence and logic were so efficient on the side of the doctor, that he visited his guest next morning in his chamber, and thanked him in flattering terms for his interposition. The eloquence and patriotism of the young officer, became the subject of conversation in the town. It was Sunday, and when he walked out, the people in the streets pulled off their hats to him as the champion of their cause. But the triumph of the morning was overcast at night. He was invited to pass the evening at the house of Madame Mery, a lady of wealth and fashion, who entertained all the aristocracy of the district. Here having expressed some of his opinions, they were assailed and reprobated with the utmost violence. He attempted a war of words, but overpowered by noise and numbers, was able to extricate himself only by the assistance of his hostess, who gracefully parried the blows which he could not resist. This incident, though it mortified him for the moment, contributed still farther to connect his name and feelings with the cause of the people. Of this trip, in which his curiosity and friendship were both gratified, and which appears to have been the last as wel as the first he ever performed from mere motives of pleasure, his recollection was so agreeable, that he conceived for the moment an idea of writing a description of it after the manner of Sterne, and spoke of it in after life with peculiar complacency, calling it his *sentimental journey*.†

In September, 1791, Bonaparte received a furlough, and hastened to Corsica, where he received a warm welcome from his proud mother. She never went out unless accompanied by her soldier-son in full uniform, and endeavored to negotiate a marriage, which would have made Napoleon a wealthy bridegroom.

The young Lieutenant's heart was not to be caught with golden bait, and his love for Corsica left no room for other affections. Gen. Paoli had appeared at the bar of the National Constituent Assembly, (at Paris,) and had entreated, in the name of the people of Corsica, that they might be irrevocably united, by a legislative decree, to the French nation. The then all-powerful Mirabeau advocating this request, Corsica was immediately "annexed," as an eighty-third department, to France. Gen. Paoli was appointed Commander-in-chief of the militia, and he selected his young friend Bonaparte as Major-Commandant of the battalion at Ajaccio.

For the first time since the death of her husband, Madame Bonaparte had her children under their domestic roof. Joseph, the oldest son, had graduated with honor at the college of Autun, in France, and on his return had received the appointment of President of the Ajaccio Court of Common Pleas;—Lucien had also returned, a zealous revolutionist, and was the orator of a democratic club; the other children were at school. All looked up to Napoleon with reverential affection, and his brother Louis, alluding to this ascendancy many years afterwards, said : "It was in his own family that Napoleon began to exhibit his great superiority — not after glory and power had elevated him, but in his early youth."

The emigration of royalist officers made a general promotion necessary, and Bonaparte received a commission as captain in the 4th Regiment of Foot Artillery, dated February 6th, 1792. His name had been placed on the list some month's previous, by Monsieur Duportail, then Minister of War, who had served in the American Revolution as an officer of Engineers,* and was a member of the same Masonic Lodge. The name of Captain Bonaparte is on a list of officers destined for the army invading Flanders under Count Rochambeau,† but Monsieur de Narbonne replacing Duportail in the Department of War, the young Corsican was overlooked. He was not idle, however, and the battalion of Ajaccio, under his command, was the most efficient and the best drilled corps in the Corsican militia.

Meanwhile English intrigue had seduced Gen Paoli from his allegiance. He had accepted the amnesty held out by the law of the National Assembly, and had also accept ed an appointment of high trust and honor

* Reply to Scott.
† Life of Napoleon.—*Lee*.

* After leaving the Ministry, Monsieur Duportail was proscribed, and to escape the guillotine he fled to America, where he remained until 1802, and died on his passage back to France.

† The commander of the French troops sent over during the American Revolution. It was to avoid wounding his military susceptibility that General Washington was created "Field Marshal of France and Navarre."

under the Republic, but suddenly manifested a willingness to yield the province committed to his superintendence, to a hostile nation. Scott extols this treacherous "opposition to the prevailing infection of Jacobinism," as nobly contrasted with the conduct of that portion of the Corsicans, who continued faithful to the allegiance of their own choice. The loyal baronet of Abbotsford, (to use the words of a cotemporary writer,) appears to esteem perjury and treason in favor of England the first and highest duties of a French citizen.

On Good Friday, the Vicar of Ajaccio took occasion in his discourse to rebuke this disregard of sacred obligations. His conservative sentiments maddened the English faction, and a party of rioters would have pulled down the vicarage the next day, had not Captain Bonaparte, at the head of his battalion, promptly hastened to the spot, and dispersed the mob at the point of the bayonet. Peraldi, the leader of the discomfitted rioters, had an old *vendetta* against the Bonapartes, and lost no time in denouncing Napoleon as the secret instigator of the riot which he had openly quelled. This accusation, prompted by vengeance, was unsupported by truth. But it rendered a journey to Paris advisable, where, though the sanguinary temper of power was beginning to encourage delation, Bonaparte found no difficulty in vindicating his conduct.

Meeting Bourrienne, with whom he had been intimate while at the military college, Bonaparte remained some months at the French capital, and the two young men witnessed the insurrection of the 20th of June. "We met by appointment, (says Bourrienne,) at a restaurateur's, in the Rue St. Honoré, near the Palais-Royal. On going out, we saw a mob approaching, in the direction of the market-place, which Bonaparte estimated at from five to six thousand men. They were a parcel of blackguards, armed with weapons of every description, and shouting the grossest abuse, whilst they proceeded at a rapid rate toward the Tuilleries. This mob appeared to consist of the vilest and most profligate of the population of the suburbs. 'Let us follow the rabble,' said Bonaparte. We got the start of them, and took up our station on the terrace, bordering the river. It was there that he was an eye-witness of the scandalous scenes that ensued; and it would be difficult to describe the surprise and indignation which they excited in him. Such weakness and forbearance, he said, could not be excused; but when the king showed himself at a window which looked out upon the garden, with the red cap, which one of the mob had just placed upon his head, he could no longer repress his indignation; 'What madness!' he loudly exclaimed; 'how could they allow that rabble to enter? why do they not sweep away four or five hundred of them with the cannon? and then the rest would take themselves off very quickly.' When we sat down to dinner, he discussed with great good sense the causes and consequences of this unrepressed insurrection. He foresaw, and developed with sagacity, all that would follow, and in this he was not mistaken."*

Napoleon was still more shocked by the sanguinary excesses of the 10th of August—"that awful night, when the despotic monarchy of a thousand years went down, like some imposing ship of war, in the midst of hurricane and tempest, never to raise its head in France."† The brave and immolated Swiss Guards, their bodies lying in heaps on the pavement of the court, and their heads paraded about on pikes by demons in human shape, struck him with horror, and presented a spectacle which he remembered as "hideous and revolting." Instinct with heroic fire, his soul shuddered at scenes of cruelty and murder, and his just understanding regarded the violence of a mob as the ferocity of a monster.‡

Governeur Morris—Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to France—was a federalist of the Washingtonian school, and sympathised with the unfortunate monarch. Early in July, he had counselled the Royal family to escape from Paris, and arrangements for their flight were made at his residence, No. 488 in the Rue de La Planche.§ On the 10th of August, Messrs. de Monceil, Bremond and de Coigny, who were concerned in this scheme, together with the Count d'Estaing, and others who had served in the American army, hastened to Mr. Morris, with their families, and asked his diplomatic protection. It was granted, and the chivalrous American remarked to a countryman—"I have no doubt, sir, but there are persons on the watch, who would find fault with my conduct as Minister, in receiving and protecting these people, but I call on you to witness the declaration, which I now make, and that is, that they were not invited to my house, but came of their own accord; whether my house will be a protection to them, or to me, God only knows, but I will not turn them out of it, let what will happen to me;" to which he added, "you see, sir, they are all persons to whom our country is more or less indebted, and it would be inhuman to force them into the hands of the assassins, had they no such claim upon me."||

To the greater portion of the Parisians, this conduct of Mr. Morris gave great displeasure, which was increased by a disposition on the part of the American Government to defer the payment of the national debt due

---

* Bourrienne's Memoir.

† Lamartine's Girondins.

‡ Lee's Napoleon.

§ Mr. Morris acted as treasurer of the party, and when the catastrophe of the 10th of August destroyed all hopes of success, he had in his possession 748,000 livres tournois belonging to Louis XVI. A part of these funds he employed in aiding notable Royalists to escape, and after his recall (in 1796,) he repaired to Vienna, to render an account of his stewardship to the daughter of the unfortunate king, (afterwards the Duchesse d'Angouleme,) and to pay her the balance which remained in his hands. As he passed through London on his mission, he nobly opened a credit of fifteen hundred pounds sterling, for the use of Louis Philippe, of Orleans, who was much embarrassed in his pecuniary circumstances.

|| Life of Morris.—*Sparks*.

France, to the Revolutionists. The unlucky use of the diplomatic phrase "*ma cour*," in referring to his own government, sounded so harshly in the ears of these newly fledged Republicans, that they added injury to insult. Mr. Morris was at one time arrested in the street because he had not a Police passport in his pocket — a few days afterwards his house was entered by a band of armed policemen, although by the laws of nations it was exempted from such intrusions — and again, on a short journey into the country, he was arrested and sent back, under pretence that his passport was out of date. These insults, it is true, were followed by apologies, but they came with a reluctance that showed little love for the United States. Even the sacred name of Washington was calumniated by the infuriated demagogues, because in an official letter to the king, he had spoken of "*your people*," instead of using the more republican term "citizens." On one occasion a radical journal informed its readers that there was "a statue of that monarchical despot of the Western Republic—Washington—at a studio on the boulevard," and recommended its decapitation, as "a warning to the diplomatic minion of Madame Veto."

Bonaparte was thus, early in life, prejudiced against the United States, by popular report — nor were his associates men who were favorably disposed towards the government at Philadelphia. Thomas Paine, an English infidel, who claimed the title of the "Apostle of America," and Edmund C. Genet, who afterwards made so much trouble as Minister of the French Republic, under Washington's administration, were constantly at a literary club which the young captain of Artillery visited daily — and both of these worthies have left behind many proofs of their hostility to the "Father of his Country."

Not obtaining a post in the French army on the frontier, Bonaparte returned to Corsica in September, 1792, and resumed the command of his battalion. In December a squadron arrived, commanded by Vice-Admiral Truguet, who had been selected to conquer Sardinia. Bonaparte was ordered to march with his battalion to the straits of Bonifacio, and to feign an attack on that side of the island, while the Admiral, with his fleet, directed operations against Cagliari. The expedition was defeated, but Bonaparte, not content with making a diversion, took several batteries. The failure of the Admiral made it impossible for him to retain the positions he had taken, but he retreated with so much discretion as to win high honors.

A passion for military glory is inseparable from great military talents, and Bonaparte's ambition was so fired by his first campaign, that he pursued his military studies with increased assiduity. "I was as yet, (he said at St. Helena,) only a captain: I foresaw that the war would be long and sanguinary: I prepared myself for it. I had fixed my study in the quietest part of the house; I had, in fact, got on the roof; I saw no one, seldom went out, but studied hard. One Sunday morning, as I was crossing the pier, I met Barberi, who complained that he never saw me, and proposed an excursion of pleasure. I consented, on condition that it should be on the water. He made a signal to the sailors on board a vessel of which he was a proprietor; they came, and we set out. I wanted to measure the extent of the gulf, and made them direct their course to the Recanto. I placed myself at the stern, undid my ball of packthread, and obtained the result which I wished for. Arrived at Costa, we ascended it; the position was magnificent; it is the same that the English afterwards surmounted with a redoubt; it commanded Ajaccio. I was desirous to examine it: Barberi, who took little interest in researches of this kind, pressed me to have done; I strove to divert him and gain time, but appetite made him deaf. If I spoke to him of the width of the bay, he replied that he had not yet breakfasted: if of the church-steeple, of such or such a house, which I could reach with my bombshells, 'Good,' he said; 'but I am in haste, and an excellent breakfast awaits me; let us go by all means!' We did so, but his friends were tired of waiting for him; so that on his arrival he found neither guests nor banquet. He resolved to be more cautious in future, and to mind the hour when he went on a reconnoitring party."

Paoli soon became openly hostile to France, and was encouraged in his treason by the Roman Catholic priests, who found that the Revolution was fast undermining their power. Napoleon and Lucien Bonaparte, however, preferred the country of their adoption to English allegiance, despite the efforts of Paoli, who implored them, in the name of his old friend, their father, to espouse his cause. The microscopic scene of Corsica was too narrow for the daring young soldier, who aspired to "a kingdom for a stage, and nations to behold the swelling act." His professional pride and instinctive feeling were affected, (as he says,) with *antipathy* for the treasonable project of Paoli, and as vigorous plants shoot upward to the sun, his genius, which would have been imprisoned in the contracted circuit of his native isle, gravitated towards the important events of France, and the powerful emotions which produced them.*

The last interview between Paoli and Bonaparte terminated in hard words, and as the latter was retracing his steps homeward, he was taken prisoner in a mountain pass by some of Paoli's guard. Confined for the night in a cottage, he escaped in female attire brought him by a servant-maid, and succeeded in joining the French troops at Calvi, Bastia. When the news of this attempt to capture Napoleon reached Ajaccio, the Revolutionary club of that city determined to ask a reinforcement of troops from France. A deputation was chosen, of which Lucien Bonaparte was chairman, and they sailed at once for Marseilles.

This enraged the partizans of Paoli, and they declared they would eradicate the Bonaparte family. Madame Bonaparte had

* Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*

with her five small children, but displayed that firm and courageous spirit which had characterized her early years, during the war of independence. She despatched numerous messengers to Joseph and Napoleon, hoping to receive their protection, but awakened suddenly in the middle of the next night, she beheld her chamber filled with armed men. Her first thought was that she had been surprised by her enemies, but by the light of a fir torch carried by the leader of the party, she saw Costa, chief of the *pieve* of Bastelica, her devoted friends. A hunter of his clan had encountered a numerous band of Paoli's troops, on their way to Ajaccio, with orders to take all the Bonaparte family prisoners, and to destroy their property. Hast ening with the tidings to Bastelica, the clan was soon aroused, and three hundred armed men, headed by their chief, had made a forced march, which enabled them to reach Ajaccio first. "Quick, make haste, Signora Letizia, (said Costa,) Paoli's men are close upon you—you have not a moment to lose. Thank Heaven, I am here with all my men, and will save you or perish in the attempt."

Rising up in haste, Madame Bonaparte and her children half clothed themselves, and hurried out into the street, where they were placed on horseback, in the centre of Costa's column. Leaving the city without awakening the inhabitants, the fugitives entered into the deepest recesses of the mountain forests, and halted in a chestnut grove, from whence the city was visible. On one occasion a scouting party of the enemy traversed a neighboring valley, and the unfortunate family could plainly hear the threats of their exasperated pursuers. In the afternoon, a thick column of smoke was seen to arise from the middle of the city. "They are burning your house, Signora Letizia!" said the brave Costa. "Ah! never mind! (she replied,) we will build it up again much better—*Vive la France.*" Two night-marches, and the Spartan mother and her young flock were joyously welcomed on board of a French frigate by Napoleon and Joseph. "Thus, (said Lucien, in narrating the above facts,) the rage of our enemies was reduced to expend itself upon the stores of our house."

The decree of banishment against the Bonapartes, which followed the confiscation of their property, made Napoleon an active ally of the French troops, who were directed by Salicetti and La Combe, Representatives of the people. On one occasion Bonaparte was sent from Calvi to surprise Ajaccio. He embarked in a frigate, and landing on the north side of the gulf with a party of fifty men, took possession of a fort called the Torre di Capitello. He had no sooner carried this point, than the frigate was driven to sea by a gale. While thus insulated and unsupported, the insurgents attacked him with great violence, by land and water. He defended himself with spirit, and with such pertinacity, that he and his heroic little garrison were reduced to rations of horse-flesh. During the siege, he called out from the walls to a party, and harangued his misguided countrymen in a strain of eloquence so impressive that he made many converts. After five days of conflict and starvation, the frigate returned to her station, and he re-embarked, having first partially blown up the fort. He himself mentions, that in one of his landings, he got a few guns ashore, and with a round or two of grapeshot, dispersed a body of the insurgents who opposed him. They returned to the attack, however, and mixed reproaches with their warfare, expressing indignation that he, a Corsican, should be fighting for France. In order to make themselves both seen and heard, they ascended the neighboring hills, and even mounted up into trees. Bonaparte had a gun loaded with ball, and aimed it so well, that he cut off a limb on which one of those exclusive patriots was perched. His fall, which created a general laugh, was followed by the instant flight of his party.*

Lord Hood, the English Admiral, took possession of Corsica, at the request of Paoli, and the French found it impossible to resist their united forces. Leaving nominal garrisons at Bastia and Calvi, the Representatives re-embarked with their army for France, and Bonaparte was united to his fugitive family. His mother and her young children had landed at Nice, but afterwards moved to Marseilles, where they were deprived of every resource, but full of courage and good health. Napoleon devoted the chief part of his income towards their support, and soon obtained a situation for Joseph in the Quartermaster's department, while Lucien, at his brother's request, was sent to St Maximin, a small town in the vicinity, as keeper of military stores, and the children were placed at school.

Though embarrassed by poverty, the exiles had much attention shown them at Marseilles, and associated with the first families. Madame Clary, the widow of a merchant who had amassed a large fortune by trading with the West Indies, was very kind to them, and sanctioned the betrothal of Joseph to her daughter Julie. It has been stated that Napoleon was attached to a younger sister, but that her father refused his consent to their marriage, saying that "one Bonaparte was enough in the same family." Hazlitt repeats this story, and alleges that it was to make the object of his early affection a queen, that Napoleon consented to Bernadotte's succeeding to the throne of Sweden, and put the power into the hands of a capricious rival, who afterwards deprived his benefactor of his crown. This is a romantic tale, but at St. Helena Napoleon denied ever having thought of marrying Mademoiselle Clary, and Joseph Bonaparte denies that the disdainful expression attributed to his father-in-law was ever used. "Monsieur Clary (wrote the Count Survilliers) never could have uttered the ridiculous expression, for he died several years before my marriage, and I never knew him."†

---

* Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*

† Letter to Major Lee.

Lucien, soon after the marriage of Joseph, espoused Christine, the daughter of Monsieur Boyer, who was his landlord at St. Maximin. Although her early life had been passed in waiting on her father's guests, she is said to have been a woman of pleasing manners, and great goodness of heart. Lucien was devotedly attached to her, and never would listen to propositions for a divorce in after life, preferring domestic happiness to a royal alliance.

Marie Antoinette followed her husband to the scaffold, where hetacombs were daily sacrificed, by order of rulers who rapidly succeeded each other—as in a temple in ancient Rome, where the murderer of the officiating priest became his successor. The struggle developed the abilities of many competent to govern; but after blazing in their orbits for awhile, they were invariably jolted from the political firmament by the envy which genius ever attracts, or fell beneath the axe which they had so unsparingly wielded, until the temple of French Liberty, like that of Juggernaut, was known by the immolated victims with which the road leading to it was overlain. France is described as one vast conflagration of revolt and vengeance, lit up by emissaries from the capital, who mocked Humanity and outraged Patriotism. Peasant girls were beheaded for dancing with the enemies of the republic—mothers suffered death because they lamented the fate of their sons—and the most refined cruelty was devised. As an example of this demoniacal sport, a writer cites the *noyades* at Nantes, where barges, crowded with victims, were anchored in deep water, and then scuttled. Young Royalists and their affianced brides were stripped naked, tied together, and then drowned—this was termed a "Republican Marriage."

Napoleon's regiment was quartered at Nice, (where General Dugear was endeavoring to organize an army for the invasion of Italy,) but he was chiefly at Marseilles and Avignon, negotiating with a body of insurgents, who had seized the magazines of ammunition and munitions of war. In order to convince these malcontents that they were in the wrong, and that they could easily be forced into submission, the young officer published a political essay, entitled the "Supper of Beaucaire." A party was supposed to assemble at the supper-table of a hotel at Beaucaire, at the close of a fair, consisting of two merchants from Marseilles, a mechanic from Nismes, a gentleman from Montpelier, and an artillery officer, who is the writer. The conversation turning on the insurrection, the Marseillais advocate opposition to the army, and endeavor to show their city can resist it—ideas which the other civilians advocate. But the officer shows the superiority of veterans over raw recruits, and compels his opponents to admit that perseverance in their lawless project would result in failure, disgrace, and punishment. Citizens of an opulent city like Marseilles, he said, should support the authority of government. "Let poor countries fight to the last extremity. The native of Vivarais, of the Cervenes, of Corsica, may expose himself without fear to the event of battle. If he gain the fight, he has attained his purpose—if he loses, he is in no worse situation than before for making peace. But you, Marseillais—if *you* lose a battle, the fruit of a thousand years of fatigue, of labor, of frugality, of good fortune, become the prey of the soldier."

Scott speaks derisively of this pamphlet as a "small Jacobin publication," though he admits in a subsequent note that, *having then for the first time seen a copy*, "nothing can be more inaccurate" than his original account of it. It is but charitable to hope that many other "inaccurate" statements may be attributed to lack of materials, and the imperfect library of French authors at Abbottsford.

The English agents in the Mediterranean, well supplied with golden *Louis*, (coined in Birmingham,) spared no efforts to sow dissension in the French seaports, and to engage traitors to revolt. At Toulon they were successful. That fine naval station, with its forts, arsenals, magazines, and twenty-five ships-of-the-line, was surrendered by its commander to the combined fleets of France and Spain, under Admiral Lord Hood. This was a severe blow to the Revolutionary government, who felt that the pride and safety of the nation required the immediate recapture of Toulon. Money and men—the sinews of war—were lavishly supplied, and a large force soon besieged the city. The English, on their part, were not idle. Redoubts were erected on all the heights in the immediate vicinity, and furnished with the cannon taken from the lower decks of the captured French line-of-battle ships. The English fleet brought large reinforcements of Spanish, Sardinian, and Neapolitan troops, and Lieut. General O'Hara, Governor of Gibraltar, came, with all his disposable force, to command this allied army of 44,000 men. This officer had commanded a regiment of Guards in the army under Lord Cornwallis, which served in the Southern States during the American Revolution. He distinguished himself at Guilford Court House, and other engagements, and was designated by his unlucky commander to head the British troops, when they marched out of their lines at Yorktown, to ground their arms before the victorious Washington. It may naturally be supposed that he wished to revive his tarnished laurels by successfully defending Toulon.

Bonaparte was at Paris when the Convention was organizing its besieging army, and calling at the War Office to transact some business for General Brunet, he attracted the attention of the Minister. Referring to the files of the office, it was found that the young Corsican not only possessed high military abilities and personal merit, but that he had given many proofs of his devotion to the opponents of Royalty. He was at once promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, and received orders to repair to the army before Toulon, and direct the besieging artillery.

On his arrival at head-quarters, on the

12th of September, the young Colonel waited on General Cartaux, a Parisian house-painter, who had been raised from the adjutancy of a militia battalion to the rank of Major General in one day. He was a tall, haughty man, with the ignorance incidental to his rapid career, and covered from head to foot with gold lace and embroidery. Glancing contemptuously at the diminutive form and plain apparel of Bonaparte, after he had read his credentials, the braggadocio twisted his moustache and said, with an air of disdain: "This was quite unnecessary, for I need no assistance to capture Toulon. However, you are welcome, and you may share the glory of burning the town tomorrow, without having experienced any of the fatigue. Stay and take supper with me."

The next morning Bonaparte found that the artillery department displayed the ignorance of its directors, and appealed to the agents of the Convention, who were so convinced by his reasoning that they gave him the uncontrolled command. His knowledge, activity, and energy, were soon manifest, and in less than six weeks he had organized his men, appointed reliable officers, erected batteries, and brought two hundred guns to bear upon the enemy. He slept in his cloak every night by the side of his guns, was foremost in repelling sallies, and invigorated his men by his enthusiasm. One day he seized the rammer of an artilleryman who had been killed, and charged the gun repeatedly. Unfortunately the dead man had been afflicted with a cutaneous complaint, which Bonaparte contracted, and from the effects of which he did not entirely recover for years.

On another occasion, so many men were shot at an exposed battery, that the gunners refused to serve the pieces. Bonaparte neither punished nor reproached his men, but, resorting to that magic by which genius subjects to its authority the impulses of mankind, directed his orderly to post a sign over the deserted guns, on which was inscribed: "The battery of men without fear." The appeal flew electrically through the ranks, and the artillerymen now contended for the honor of serving the deserted guns. To confirm their spirit, Colonel Bonaparte took his station on this battery, and ordered the "men without fear" to open their fire. Thus out of discouragement he created heroism.*

The siege lingered for months, and not a week passed in which Bonaparte did not give some additional proof of his talents and heroism. He was often hampered however, by the civil and military officers who held superior rank, but who were too ignorant to comprehend his well planned schemes. Barras, one of the national commissioners, asked him one day, in the midst of an engagement, to have a gun pointed in another direction. "No sir!" was the reply, "I will do my duty according to my judgment, and be answerable for the consequences with my head."

General O'Hara, sallying out to capture a battery, was captured by a battalion of infantry headed by Bonaparte. Severely wounded, the disappointed Briton refused his captor's personal offer of civility. "All I ask is to be left alone, and to owe nothing to pity," was the surly, yet dignified reply of the only officer who had to surrender to Washington and to Napoleon.

Bonaparte himself was wounded in the thigh by a bayonet, and among the defeated British was Col. Hudson Lowe, afterwards infamously known as the jailer of St. Helena.

At length the young Colonel of Artillery gained his desired positions—two promontories which commanded the outer and inner roadsteads, and thus menaced the fleet. He had seen that when these positions were gained, Toulon would not be tenable, and no sooner did he open his fire from them, than Lord Hood and his officers took measures as well for the embarkation of the troops, as for pillaging and burning the French ships and magazines. It was a fearful night, the blaze resembling the eruption of a volcano, and the explosion of the magazines adding to the horrors of the scene. At daybreak, the hostile squadron was seen under weigh in the distance, "freighted with plunder, ignominy and grief."

General Dugommier, who had succeeded Cartaux, and who was a brave old soldier, was convinced that he owed the victory to Bonaparte. He not only placed his name at the head of a list of officers whom he recommended for promotion, but he added in a note that "his merits and talents were so great, that if the Committee of Public Safety neglected him, he would advance himself."

Promoted to the rank of General by brevet Bonaparte was ordered to make a military survey of the southwestern coast of France, and to superintend the erection of proper fortifications. This task he performed in a manner which gave striking evidence of the analytical power of his understanding, and his contempt of the local magistrates, whose officious self-conceit led them to demand expensive batteries to protect each insignificant hamlet. Bonaparte, having finished his surveys, divided the "positions" on the coast into three classes, of which the large naval harbors were the first, the commercial posts the second, and the inlets where invaders might land the third—and he prescribed for each class, fortifications adapted to its importance and exposure. By minute calculations, he assigned to each battery ordnance of a proper calibre, and even laid down the angle of elevation at which each gun was to be fired, should the enemy approach. His observations on coast defences, which he afterwards dictated to Gen. Gourgaud at St. Helena, are master-pieces of military knowledge.

In February, 1794, Bonaparte was commissioned as Brigadier-General, and ordered to join the army of Italy, then stationed at Nice—Muiron and Junot accompanying him as Aides-de-camp. The commander, General Dumerbion, a veteran soldier, having heard of the hero of Toulon, immediately detailed Bonaparte to reconnoitre the enemy's

* Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*

line, and endeavor to devise a plan for crossing the Alps into Italy. In ten days, a memorial was prepared, proposing a simple, yet novel scheme, by which a small fraction of the army could hold the enemy in check on the mountains, while the main body could force a passage where the last of the Alpine range melts into the first of the Appenine.

Robespierre the younger and Ricord, Representative delegates, approving this plan, it was immediately carried into execution.—General Massena, at the head of 14,000 men, penetrated into his native mountain defiles, and held the enemy at bay; while General Bonaparte, at the head of the second division, advanced eighty miles along the sea-coast, driving the Sardinians before him.—By this well concerted scheme, the French army (which for two years had vainly endeavored to advance,) surmounted the frowning barrier of the Alps, drove back the Austrian and Sardinian troops, captured sixty pieces of cannon, with large supplies of ammunition and provisions, and cut off the enemy's communication with the English cruisers. General Dumerbion, in announcing this triumph to the Convention, said: "It was to the skilful dispositions of the General of Artillery that he in a great measure owed the success of the expedition."

The victorious campaign ended, Bonaparte was sent by Robespierre the younger, on a secret mission to Genoa, with orders to examine the fortifications, and ascertain, if possible, the political intentions of the Genoese. During his absence, both the tyrant Robespierre and his younger brother were guillotined, and upon Bonaparte's return, he was arrested by an order from Paris, charging him with treason. It was alleged that he was a mercenary accomplice of Robespierre and Ricord, in a scheme to betray the French army into the hands of the Austrians. He was imprisoned, and his papers were sent to Paris.

In a fortnight, a counter-order appeared, restoring the prisoner to liberty and to his rank. The officer who came to release him from arrest found him busily engaged in his dungeon, poring over the map of Lombardy—his subsequent actions evinced that he had not wasted his time even in this embarrassment, as it will be seen that he made ample use of the geographical information he had thus unpleasingly gleaned. His habits of early rising were so strongly implanted, as not to be overcome by any difficulty. During his confinement a friend had occasion to visit him long before day-break—not entertaining a doubt but that he was still in bed, he knocked at the door; on opening which he was surprised to find him dressed, and seated at the table with plans, maps, and books spread before him. "What," exclaimed his visitor, "not yet in bed?" "In bed!" reiterated Bonaparte, "do not mistake me, I have already risen." "Indeed, what so early?" inquired his acquaintance. "Yes, so early, if you will have it so; I consider two or three hours quite long enough for any man to sleep, I never indulge in more," was the reply of Bonaparte. This would appear to have been his uniform custom, not only to which he adhered to the end of his life, but one from which he very frequently derived the greatest advantage over his opponents.

The winter of 1794–95 Bonaparte employed in completing the fortifications of Vado and Oneille; in inspecting the line of maritime forts from the Var to the Rhone, which were in the progress of construction under his superintendence; and in perfecting his acquaintance with that part of the grand chain of the maritime Alps, in which he had been personally employed. So intent were his observations that, in company with General St. Hilaire, he passed a night in January on the top of a mountain near the Col de Tende; whence, at sunrise, in the gorgeous light of the eastern horizon, he descried the lovely plains of Italy, and the distant waters of the Po. So strong was his émotion that he was tempted to exclaim, "*Italiam! Italiam!*" his ardent genius prophetic of future glories, and dazzled by the visions which itself inspired.

But his time was not altogether engrossed by the toils of war or the rude grandeur of mountain prospects. Scenes less inclement, and softer contests occasionally engaged him. Among the members of the convention in attendance on the army of Italy, was M. Thurreau, a gentleman whose personal insignificance in the deputation was redeemed by the wit and beauty of his wife. This lady was not insensible to the merit, nor unkind to the devotion of the young general of artillery, who, proud of his success, ventured to manifest his adoration, by ordering for her amusement, as they walked out on the great theatre of the Alps, an attack of the advanced posts stationed below them. The French were victorious, but Bonaparte never forgave himself for thus wantonly sacrificing human life, and at St. Helena the remembrance of his amorous infatuation was accompanied with regret.*

This attachment for Madame Thurreau, (which was unnoticed by Norvins, Hazlitt, Scott and Lockhart,) Major Lee ascribes as the reason which prevented Bonaparte's acceptance of an invitation from Robespierre the younger to accompany him to Paris—had the general accepted, he would have undoubtedly been beheaded on the 9th Thermidor.

Years had revolved—the general of artillery filled the imperial throne, whilst the fair one whose attractions had pleased and preserved him was become a poor and faded widow. After many petitions which failed to pass the barrier of indifference that environs power, Madame Thurreau obtained, by accident, an interview with the Emperor.—"Why," said the sovereign kindly, "have you not before made known your situation; many of our former acquaintances at Nice are now personages of the court, and in constant intercourse with me." The answer of

* Memorial from St. Helene.—*Las Cases.*

the widow is yet another proof that friendship is faithful only to prosperity. "Alas, sire, since my misfortunes, they have ceased to know me." He felt for her distress, and, if he remembered her former weakness, he felt also that he was certainly not the proper person to chastise it. Her wants were instantly relieved, and her future comfort liberally provided for.*

In March, 1795, the "army of Italy" was incorporated with the "army of the Alps," and the companies of Gen. Bonaparte's brigade were annexed to other commands, in obedience to a general order reducing the number of field officers. Bonaparte at once set out for Paris, with a view of applying for other and suitable employment. On his route he visited his mother at Marseilles, to whose heart his safety from danger, and his rising fame, must have communicated the tenderest pleasure. He found, too, his brother Joseph happily married, and the comforts of the family, which had been seriously impaired by the cruelty of Paoli, in a great measure renovated by his mother's prudence. At Marseilles he met General Kellermann, on his way to assume the command of the combined forces, and communicated to him much information respecting the theatre of war, on which the hero of Valmy was not destined to gain laurels.—Then adopting his brother Louis, whose education he had particularly superintended, as an extra aide-de-camp, he proceeded on his way to Paris. At Chatillon-sur-Seine, he met intelligence of the insurrection of the 1st of Prairial, in which the Jacobins were, after temporary and terrible success, again overcome. The father of his aide-de-camp, Marmont, resided at Chatillon; and to gratify this officer, at whose instance he had taken Chatillon in his route, as well as to wait the return of public order in the capital, having been sufficiently disgusted with popular tumults, he remained there several days. The father of Marmont, a knight of St. Louis, was a rich proprietor of iron works in Burgundy. His son, who felt a strong inclination for a military life, after failing to obtain entrance into the Royal Artillery, had been contented to join a provincial regiment. He was recommended to the friendship and protection of Bonaparte by an uncle who was a schoolfellow of the latter at Brienne, and his comrade and friend in the regiment of La Fère. A royalist, this uncle forsook his country to follow the emigrant princes, and bespoke of Bonaparte that care of his nephew, which he himself could no longer bestow on him. It is needless to say that this confidence of the exile was not misplaced. Marmont's father, though avaricious, was profuse and extravagant in entertaining the hero of Toulon and Saorgio, and the liberal patron of his son. Though the weather was warm, his hearths blazed with fires, so that his hospitality amused more than it comforted his guest.†

* Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*
† Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*

The date of Bonaparte's arrival in Paris has been variously stated by Scott, Hazlitt, Norvins, Lockhart and Bourrienne. The two last named authors not only place him in Paris before the first Prairial, but indirectly implicate him in the defeated conspiracy of that day. Yet Napoleon himself very distinctly states that he arrived at the metropolis subsequent to the insurrection.† He occupied a small suite of rooms, and lived a retired life, although there is not the least evidence that he was destitute, as some writers have averred.

The Minister of War, to whom Bonaparte applied for employment, was an ex-captain of the royal artillery, named Aubry, who had little sympathy for those who had been brought forward by the revolution.—Accordingly, when, in applying for a command, Bonaparte represented that he had commanded the artillery at the siege of Toulon; had superintended the work of fortifying the coast and harbors of Provence; had ever since commanded the artillery of the army of Italy; and added that it would be extremely painful for him to leave a corps in which he had served from his very infancy; Aubry coldly observed that there were a great many artillery generals, that Bonaparte was the youngest of the number, and could not be employed out of turn. As Aubry had not been on duty during the war, and nevertheless had the effrontery to promote himself, from a retired captaincy, to the rank of general of division and inspector of artillery, this observation was received and retorted as unjust and impertinent.—"Officers soon grow old on the field of battle," was the mixture of irony and logic, with which Bonaparte abashed and irritated the inexperienced veteran. A few days afterwards, more in punishment than reward, he was ordered to join the army of the west, engaged in the Vendean war, and take command of a brigade of Infantry. The service was unpleasant to his feelings, the destination an outrage to his pride, and actuated by a proper feeling of dignity, he sent in his resignation. This was not accepted, nor was it at once refused. ‡

Kellermann, meanwhile, had been defeated several times, and it was feared that he would be forced to evacuate the Genoese territory. The Committee of Public Safety became alarmed, and called together the different representatives who had been deputed to the army of Italy, in order to consult them. Pontecoulant, who succeeded Aubry in the war department, was one among others who pointed out Napoleon as eminently qualified to give an opinion on the subject—a piece of service for which Bonaparte showed his gratitude by promoting the minister to a seat in the Senate when he afterwards became consul. Napoleon was summoned to the topographical committee, and laid down the line of the Borghetto for the troops—a suggestion that saved the French

* Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*
† Conversations at St. Helena.—*Montholon.*

army and preserved the coast of Genoa, notwithstanding the repeated attacks of the enemy. At the end of the year (1795) General Scherer superseded Kellermann in the command; and on the 20th of November, having received reinforcements from the army of the Pyrenees, attacked the Piedmontese general Devins at Loano, drove him from all his positions, and had he been sufficiently enterprising, might have conquered all Italy; but instead of pursuing his advantages, he returned to Nice, and went into winter quarters. The enemy did the same.§

It was while thus temporarily employed by the Topographical Committee, forming plans for others to carry out with honor, that Bonaparte thought of entering the Turkish service. His ambition, cramped at home, and kept from the heroic fields of Italy, turned towards the Orient, and he presented to the Committee of the Convention a memorial, in which he offered to undertake a mission to Constantinople, for the purpose of remodeling the artillery of the Sultan, and thus rendering the Porte more formidable to the expanding ambition of Russia. This, he contended, would, by assisting to preserve the balance of European power, render good service to the French Republic. The East at this period seemed to open a wide field of glory and of power. Visions of empire already floated before his young imagination. "How strange it would be," he is reported to have said to a friend, with whom he was on terms of intimacy, "if a little Corsican officer were to become king of Jerusalem!" His application, however, was never answered; and the name and achievements of Bonaparte remain the property of France. "If a Commissioner-at-war," remarks de Bourrienne, "had written '*granted*' upon his note, that little word might have changed the face of Europe."

Bonaparte was noted for his punctual arrival at the bureau where he was employed, and for his diligent attention to business. In the evening he used to frequent the theatres, and, at a later hour, go with his friend Talma into private circles, where they were welcome guests. The tragedian, of course, was the "lion," but all listened with interest and respect to the brilliant remarks of "little Bonaparte."

And about this time, Bonaparte's love of Democracy began to waver. He could see that the slaves of Bourbon despotism, having tasted of the spirit of freedom, had drained the exhilerating draught to the very dregs. Intoxication had followed, and by the draught, to borrow allegory in illustration, the angel of liberty had been transformed into a demon. Reason and philosophy, that first awakened the sleeping energies of the people, had discovered — alas! too late — that the unregulated desires of a race of men freed from moral obedience and religious obligation produced anarchy instead of reducing society into form and unity. The excesses of the worst vices were the inevitable results of the abused principles of truth, and the chief magistracy was like a temple in ancient Rome, where, by murdering the priest, one could succeed him.

Bonaparte saw, also, that whilst France boasted of her freedom from tyranny, her own counsels were torn to pieces by little knots of tyrants, who violated all rights, and undermined the pillars of her freedom. Enthusiasm carried to madness — confidence, the result of ardent resolution — talents the most extraordinary — and principles the most base — wielded her energies, and directed her powers. But the ambitious young General felt that the good sword by his side was more powerful than democracy or legitimacy, than republican or monarchial principles.— France could only be ruled by the sword!

Nor is this surprising, when it is considered how firmly the War Spirit had taken root in the land of the ancient Gauls. During the first three-quarters of the eighteenth century, her armies were forty-six years absent on hostile expeditions, and when the hour of reckoning came, the impoverished people took sanguinary revenge. Years of warfare had engendered a frightful indifference to the Divine command, "thou shalt not kill," and so lowered the standard of morality, that the social bond was easily broken, giving full sway to individual passions. The struggle developed the abilities of many competent to govern, but after blazing in their orbits for a while, they were invariably jolted from the political firmament, by the envy which genius ever attracts, or fell beneath the axe they had so unsparingly wielded. "*La terreur regnait dans Paris*," is the impressive remark of M. Thiers, and terrible it must have been to see faction succeeding faction, each party marching over the headless corpses of its predecessors, towards "Liberty, whose temple, like that of Juggernaut, was to be known by the immolated victims with which its road was overlain." The Constituents were crushed by the Girondists, the Girondists by the Dantonists, the Dantonists by the Thermidorians, and in each party, the military chieftains sought to occupy the place of the extinct aristocracy, lording it over the rest. Titles of nobility were passports to the scaffold, and the *sans culottes* denounced well-dressed men as aristocrats, yet never were officers more imperiously rigid in requiring the "honors due their rank," or more gaudily clad, than the "*citoyens generaux*."

This was not unobserved by Bonaparte, who resolved to substitute his arbitrary will, backed by bayonets, for the despotism of the many. Already his ambition had seen the throne of France in the horizon, and now his star began to rise steadily and proudly, as if by an irresistible influence, above the destinies of his contemporaries.*

The Convention, fully aware of its precarious existence, sought to remodel the Government by adopting a more conservative Constitution. The executive power of this

§ Life of Napoleon.—*Hazlitt.*

* France: Social, Literary, Political.—*Sir H. L. Bulwer.*

new system of government was to be held by a directory of five members — the judicial power in a body of elective magistrates, whose sentence, in criminal cases, were to be founded on the verdict of juries — and the legislative power, in two houses, the upper, or council of ancients, consisting of two hundred and fifty members, and the lower, consisting of twice that number, and called the council of five hundred. The legislative bodies were to appoint the members of the directory, and to rëappoint one out of the five every year, and were themselves to be chosen by electors delegated for that purpose by the people in their primary assemblies. One-third of each council was to be triennially renewed by the popular will, and the entire directory quinquennially, by the will of the legislature.

Unfortunately for the Convention, it added two supplementary decrees, which evinced the determination of its members to retain control of the government. They were: "First. That the electoral bodies, in choosing representatives to the two new councils, must elect, at least, two-thirds of the then members of the Convention. Second. That if full two-thirds of the then members of the Convention were not returned by the electors, then the Convention should possess the right to supply the number that might be deficient out of their own body."

These decrees proved to the Parisians that they had merely changed masters, instead of gaining their independence, and they determined to offer resistance—the members of the Convention were equally zealous in preparing to enforce their edicts. The troops of the line had always held the National Guards in jealous contempt, and looked upon them as mushroom soldiers, who were not in a condition to stand up against veterans, who had passed their lives either in camps or upon active service. This feeling was well understood by the members of the Convention, who turned it to account, caused it to be carefully fostered by their emissaries, who were indefatigable in their endeavors to widen the breach. Of the latter description of force, there were in and near Paris upwards of five thousand men, well officered; upon these, therefore, the Convention concluded, and concluded justly, reliance might safely be placed; added to this, there were several hundred artillery-men who were also disposed to assist their views: over and above which, the Convention, to make "assurance doubly sure," organized a body designated by the sounding title of "The Sacred Band," which comprised some fifteen hundred of the most sanguinary desperate ruffians to be found among the offscourings of the metropolis, most of whom had been the vile instruments of Robespierre, men without a particle of principle, who were ready for any enterprise, provided they were but paid for their treachery. Tyrants are indispensably necessitated to league themselves with the most worthless of mankind: it is the penalty irrevocably imposed them as the price of their unhallowed measures. With such auxiliaries, the Convention bid defiance to their opponents, arranged the tactics to be adopted, and nothing more remained to be done on their part, but to seek out a general to whose skill they could confide the command, to whose discretion they could safely commit the execution of a plan, upon the success of which their very existence, not only as legislators, but as men, depended, seeing that defeat would most assuredly have introduced them to the tender mercies of the guillotine. Fortunately for Bonaparte, General Menou, an officer not very well calculated for such an undertaking, was the individual selected, and representatives were appointed to attend and watch his motions.*

A club formed from the radical citizens of the Lepelletier ward of Paris, was particularly violent, and at last declared itself in open rebellion to the government. Six other clubs, (or "sections" as they were called,) hastened to arms—the tocsin was sounded, and the city was soon in a state of insurrection. Gen. Menou was ordered to restore order, and marched against the insurgents on the evening of the 12th Vendémiare, (3d of October, 1795.) He headed a strong force, with a detachment of dragoons and two field pieces, but hesitated to attack a convent which the "Sectionaires" had fortified, and finally retreated.

Fond of dramatic entertainments, Bonaparte was that evening at a theatre near the scene of action, and witnessed Menou's repulse. He then repaired to the Convention, where he found dismay painted on every countenance. The Commissioners of War, in order to exculpate themselves, accused Menou of treason, and his arrest was ordered. It was then unanimously agreed that the public safety demanded the immediate appointment of some one with greater nerve and military skill to command the troops. Several members had ascended the tribune, each to recommend his own favorite general. It was then that, supported by the Representatives who had been with the army at Toulon and at Nice, and by others who had become acquainted with the amazing resources of his genius as a member of the Topographical Committee, Barras proposed Napoleon, as an officer whose abilities, promptitude, energy of character, and general moderation, best qualified him for the emergency. The nomination being approved by Mariette, the leader of the Moderates, and chief of the Council of Forty, was confirmed by the Assembly, and messengers were despatched into the city in search of the General elect. Bonaparte, who had heard all that passed, deliberated for a while what course he should pursue. His reflections have been recorded by himself. Ever success, he reasoned, would be attended with a degree of odium; while failure would, in a few hours, add his name to the list of revolutionary tyrants, and devote it to the eternal execration of future generations. On the other hand, the defeat of the Convention would destroy the possibility of a beneficial

* Life of Napoleon Bonaparte.—*Hodson.*

result from so much toil and bloodshed as the Revolution had already cost. The national enemy, so often vanquished, would again become triumphant, would load France with insult and ignominy, would indulge the tyranny of revenge, and rule her by force.—These considerations, assisted by the enthusiasm of youth, and his confidence in his own powers, decided him. He went to the Committee, and after stating that he had witnessed the proceedings in the Rue Vivienne, and that the failure there was chiefly attributable to the interference of the Commissioners, expressed his readiness to accept the proffered command, provided he was left free to act upon his own responsibility. To have dispensed with the presence of the Representatives, however, would have been, at that time, a breach of the law; the matter was therefore compromised by the Committee, which named Barras as General-in-chief, but vested the actual command in Napoleon.*

Bonaparte immediately laid his plans of action, and first sent Murat, then a major of cavalry, to Sablons, with orders to bring the forty pieces of artillery there to Paris. The intrepid Murat performed his duty before sunrise, and Bonaparte had the guns so planted around the Tuileries palace, where the Convention was in session, as to be able to repel attack. Ammunition and provisions were collected, a line of retreat to the country was kept open, and the cannoniers, with lighted matches, stood by their grape-charged guns. Battalions of well-armed troops occupied the Place du Carrousel, as also the gardens of the Tuileries, in which Bonaparte himself cooly awaited the attack of the sectionaries, under the guidance of Danican, their general, whose conduct contributed to their defeat, by suffering himself to be amused with messages from the Convention, while they completed their arrangements, and strengthened the various positions of the Liberticide army.

Late in the afternoon, the Insurgent force began to move against the Tuileries from different directions. When they arrived within musket-shot of Bonaparte's posts they were summoned to disperse in the name of the law—their advanced divisions answered by firing their muskets, and then Bonaparte's cannoneers opened upon their dense masses a destructive fire of grape-shot, which carried confusion into their ranks, and after a desperate effort at charging their guns, the columns dispersed themselves. The cavalry and infantry of the Convention pursued them, and after some resistance upon one or two other points, the streets were cleared of the Section men, most of whom gave up their arms during the night. In less than two hours, the insurgents were defeated in all their attacks, and their cannon sent from St. Germain being intercepted, they lost all hope. Bonaparte, in taking in his turn the offensive, with a sentiment like that of Cæsar at Pharsalia, ordered blank cartridges only to be fired, justly inferring that, when such crowds, after the indulgence of confidence and a desperate exertion of courage, were once put to flight, the sound of a gun would keep up their panic. This forbearance saved many lives. During the night, he cleared the streets of barricades, patroled the streets, dislodged a party from the church of St. St. Roche, and surrounded with detachments of infantry and artillery another party in the Palais Royal. The next day it was easily dispersed, as was a body who had collected in the convent at the head of the rue Vivienne. By noon on the 5th of October, the insurrection was suppressed, and tranquility perfectly restored. The killed and wounded, of which rather the smaller number belonged to the troops of the convention, amounted to between four and five hundred. Bonaparte had a horse shot under him.

This victory, which caused infinite satisfaction to the real friends of the republic, who saw in it the defeat of Bourbon hopes, foreign intrigues, and domestic treason, renewed and augmented the authority of the convention, very seasonably for the establishment of the new constitution. The members of that assembly were sensible of its value, as well in regard to the imminence of danger from which it rescued themselves, as to the series of couvulsions from which it saved their country. In a report from the committee of public safety, which was adopted by the Convention in the sitting of the 5th, it is described as, "a victory gained over a coalition of royalism and anarchy, the most glorious of the revolution, and also the most fortunate, as it was likely to close that great struggle." *

Bonaparte was soon appointed Commander-in Chief of the home forces, and reorganized the regular and citizen troops of the capital with great skill, securing the esteem of all. Refractory companies of the National Guard were disbanded—armed political clubs were broken up—and the efforts of intriguing agents of the Bourbons, well supplied with English gold, were promptly frustrated. Famine, too, appeared to aid in exciting the populace to outbreaks, and the young General was often obliged to call out his troops to suppress riots. On one occasion, when hastening with his staff to disperse a mob, he was surrounded by a crowd of fish-women, menacingly demanded bread, and became so clamorous, that his situation was rather critical: his presence of mind, however, did not desert him, but shone forth conspicuously. He had nearly persuaded them to disperse, when a sturdy robust fish-wife, having somewhat of the Falstaff appearance, was most vehement in her exhortations to those assembled to keep their places, exclaiming, with shrill tones and violent gesticulation, pointing to the officers,—"These coxcombs, with their fine epaulettes and gorgets, only laugh at our distress; provided they can feed well and fatten, they care not if the poor people die of hunger." Na-

* Life of Napoleon—*George Moir Bussey.*

* Life of Napoleon—*Lee.*

poleon, who was then perhaps the leanest of his race, with imperturable nonchalance, turned to her with great good-humor, saying,—"My good woman! pray look at me: which do you think is the fattest, you or I? You may easily perceive that, compared with yourself, I am but a slip of parchment."—The naïveté of this address, so congenial with Parisian feelings, caused a general burst of laughter, the fury of the populace was disarmed, they separated enjoying the joke, while the general continued his round without further annoyance.*

Tranquility was now restored, and the gay Parisians, elated by the joy of their deliverance, gave themselves up to pleasures and refinements. Art, taste, luxury, revived.—Female beauty regained its empire—an empire strengthened by the remembrance of all the tender and all the sublime virtues which women, delicately bred and reputed frivolous, had displayed during the evil days. Refined manners, chivalrous sentiments, followed in the train of love. The dawn of the Arctic summer day after the Arctic winter night, the great unsealing of the waters, the awakening of animal and vegetable life, the sudden softening of the air, the sudden blooming of the flowers, the sudden bursting of whole forests into verdure, is but a feeble type of that happiest and most genial of revolutions—the revolution of the ninth of Thermidor.†

Prominent among the beauties who graced the gay resorts of the metropolis, and were the acknowledged queens of fashion in the republican Arcadia, was Madame Josephine de Beauharnais. Born at St. Pierre, in Martinique, on the 23d of June, 1763, Madame de Beauharnais was educated by her father, a respectable planter, and at an early age reigned in the hearts of all who knew her.—Terpsychore was her favorite goddess, and one who witnessed her dancing describes her light form, rising scarcely above the middle size, as seeming in its faultless symmetry to float rather than to move—the very personation of Grace. She exercised her pencil, and her needle and embroidering frame, with beautiful address. A love of flowers, that truly feminine aspiration, and, (according to a master of elegance,) infallible index of a purity of heart, was with her no uninstructed admiration. She had early cultivated a knowledge of botany, and in after years introduced into Europe one of the most beautiful of vegetable productions—the *Camelia*. In all to which the empire of woman's taste rightly extends, hers was exquisitely just, and simple as it was refined. Her sense of the becoming and the proper in all things, and under every variety of circumstances, appeared native and intuitive. She read delightfully; and nature had been here peculiarly propitious; for so harmonious were the tones of her voice, even in the most ordinary conversation, that instances are common of those who, coming unexpectedly, and unseen, within their influence, have remained as if suddenly fascinated and spell-bound, till the sounds ceased, or fears of discovery forced the listener away. Like the harp of David on the troubled breast of Israel's King, this charm is known to have wrought powerfully upon Napoleon. His own admission was, "The first applause of the French people sounded to my ear sweet as the voice of Josephine."

During the period of her youth, a strange prediction, made by a negro woman, obtained such an influence over her imagination, as to color the whole of her subsequent life, and we will give it in her own words, as she subsequently related it to the ladies of her court: "One day, some time before my first marriage, while taking my usual walk, I observed a number of negro girls assembled round an old woman, engaged in telling their fortunes. I drew near to observe their proceedings. The old sibyl, on beholding me, uttered a loud exclamation, and almost by force seized my hand. She appeared to be under the greatest agitation. Amused at these absurdities, as I thought them, I allowed her to proceed, saying, 'So you discover something extraordinary in my destiny?'—'Yes.' 'Is happiness or misfortune to be my lot?'—'Misfortune. Ah, stop!—and happiness, too.' 'You take care not to commit yourself, my good dame; your oracles are not the most intelligible.'—'I am not permitted to render them more clear,' said the woman, raising her eyes with a mysterious expression towards heaven. 'But to the point,' replied I, for my curiosity began to be excited; 'what read you concerning me in futurity?'—'What do I see in the future? You will not believe me if I speak?' 'Yes, indeed, I assure you. Come, my good mother, what am I to fear and hope?'

'On your own head be it, then; listen: you will be married soon; that union will not be happy; you will become a widow, and then—then you will be *Queen of France!* three happy years will be yours; but you will shun an hospital amid civil commotion.'

'On concluding these words," continued Josephine, "the old woman burst from the crowd, and hurried away as fast as her limbs, enfeebled by age, would permit. I forbade the bystanders to molest or banter the pretended prophetess on this *ridiculous prediction;* and took occasion, from the seeming absurdity of the whole proceeding, to caution the young negresses how they gave heed to such matters. Henceforth, I thought of the affair only to laugh at it with my relatives. But afterwards, when my husband had perished on the scaffold, in spite of my better judgment, this prediction forcibly recurred to my mind, after a lapse of years; and though I was myself then in prison, the transaction daily assumed a less improbable character, and I ended my regarding the fulfilment as almost a matter of course.‡

When fifteen years of age, Josephine went to reside with an aunt, who lived at Fontainbleau, in France, and soon afterwards was married to the Marquis de Beauharnais. This young nobleman, (a descendant of the Beau-

* Life of Napoleon.—*Hodgson.*
† Edinburg Quarterly Review.
‡ Memoirs of Josephine.—*John S. Mernes.*

harnais who governed Canada with such marked ability,) introduced his bride into the dissolute court circles, and her heart was soon poisoned by the fierce pangs of jealousy. At last, remonstrances increased to reproaches, and they separated by mutual consent, she returning to her native island, where she resided until a revolt of the negroes drove her back to France in a state of destitution.—Beauharnais had embraced the principles of the revolution, and, in the shock of the dangers of that period, Josephine became reconciled to him. The beauty of her character was, perhaps, never more admirably exhibited than in that act of devotedness at a time when others shrank from the responsibility of friendship with those who were deeply embarked in the political proceedings of the day.

The next scene in the eventful drama was the arrest of M. de Beauharnais, who had been one of the noble reformers of abuses, one of the advocates of liberty, who so eagerly hailed the dawn of the revolution in France; who had sat in the first meeting of the *Tiers Etat;* who had voted for the abolition of all privileges, and for the equal rights of all citizens who fought for the republic valiantly, who had embraced the people's cause ardently, and broke the ties of kindred, and gave up the claims of rank readily to serve the people; whose heart and soul were devoted to liberty, whose constancy and virtue were unabated, and who was at last beheaded for no other crime than that of noble birth, after years of popular service, and after receiving all the honors the republic could bestow. He died on the scaffold at the age of thirty-four, on the 23d of July, in the year 1794.

Josephine was also arrested and cast into prison, where her energetic and confiding conduct, under appalling circumstances, appear to have sprung from the double influence of her own mind, and her lingering belief in the prophecy of her future greatness. Her narrative of the execution of her husband, and of the momentary anticipation of a similar destiny awaiting herself, is full of painful interest. At length Robespierre fell. —"then (wrote Josephine,) my cot-bed was again brought into my cell, and I passed the most delightful night of my life upon it. I fell asleep, after saying to my companions,—'You see I am not guillotined—*and I shall yei be Queen of France!*' "

Exercising a potent influence with Barras, Madame Josephine de Beauharnais next moved in the first circles, and was one of the triumvate of beauty who were styled the "Three Graces" by the rhymsters of the day—the other two being Mesdames Tallien and Récamier. With the revolution in government these beautiful women fascinated all Paris with a revolution in female attire, and appeared in the costumes of ancient Rome. Tunics *a la Diane*, (and succint as huntress ever wore,) depended simply to the knee, and left the arms bare to the very shoulder, while naked feet were simply tied to sandals. Thus attired in a costume which developed her voluptuous form, and with her thick raven hair studded with onyxes, the "ox-eyed" brunette was to be seen at all the gay resorts, at all the concerts where Garat sang, and at every ball where Trenitz danced, (poor Trenitz! who gave his name to the figure *Trenis*, and died mad at Charenton,) and was the acknowledged queen of fashion, at a time when royalty was abolished.

Bonaparte was rarely seen in the gay circles of the metropolis, and lived in a retired' unostentations manner at the *Hôtel de la Colónnade* in the *rue Neuve des Capucines*, until an incident occurred which may be considered as a prominent epoch in his life. One morning, an interesting boy, about twelve years of age, presented himself to the Commander-in-chief, saying "he came to recover the sword of his father, who had served as a general officer in the republican army on the Rhine," stating "that he was the son of the late Viscompte de Beauharnais, who had fallen under the axe of the guillotine during the reign of terror, by order of that fell tyrant Robespierre," adding "that he was himself christened Eugene:" pleased with the fervid manner of the supplicating youth, naturally alive to every thing that wore a chivalrous appearance, Bonaparte granted the request.—When the lad received the relic of his sire, he bedewed it with his tears, kissed it with so much devotion, pressed it to his breast with such impassioned earnestness, that he quite won the good opinion of the General, exciting in his bosom a desire to know more of his young supplicant; consequently he treated the youthful Eugene with so much kindness, that it influenced his mother Josephine to come the next day to offer him thanks for the attention he had bestowed upon her child. Her uncommon beauty, added to the singular gracefulness of her address, coupled with her fascinating polished manners, made so deep an impression upon Napoleon, that he began seriously to entertain wishes for a closer union with a female who appeared gifted with every desirable requisite to insure domestic happiness.§

Passing over as unworthy of notice the foul calumnies which Scott, Lockhart, and other British writers have circulated in connection with Nopoleon's courtship and marriage, we copy an interesting letter written by Josephine to one who had shared her imprisonment.

"The advice, I may say, of all my friends, urges me, my dear, to marry again; also the commands of my aunt, as well as the prayers of my children. Why are you not here to help me by your advice on this important occasion, and to tell me whether I ought or ought not to consent to a union, which certainly seems calculated to relieve me from the discomfort of my present situation? Your friendship would render you clear-sighted to my interest, and a word from you, would suffice to bring me to a decision.

"Among my visitors you have seen General Bonaparte: he is the man who wishes to become a father to the orphans of Alexander De Beauharnais, and a husband to his widow.

---

§ Life of Napoleon.—*W. Hodgson.*

"Do you love him? will naturally be your first question. My answer is perhaps—No—Do you dislike him?—No, again; but the sentiments I entertain towards him are of that lukewarm kind, which true devotees think worst of all in matters of religion.—Now, love being a sort of religion, my feelings ought to be very different to what they are. This is the point on which I want your advice, which would fix the wavering of my irresolute disposition, To come to a decision has always been too much for my creole inertness, and I find it an easier task to obey the wishes of others.

"I admire the general's courage; the extent of his information on every subject on which he converses; his shrewd intelligence, which enables him to understand the thoughts of others, before they are expressed; but I confess I am somewhat fearful of that control which he seems anxious to exercise over all about him. There is something in his scrutinizing glance that cannot be described; it even awes our directors, therefore it may well be supposed to intimidate a woman. He talks of his passion for me with a degree of earnestness which renders it impossible to doubt his sincerity; yet this very circumstance, which you would suppose likely to please me, is precisely that which has hitherto withheld me from giving that consent, which I have often been on the very point of uttering.

"My spring of life is past. Can I then hope to preserve for any length of time, that ardor of affection which, in the General, amounts almost to madness? If his love should cool, as it certainly will after our marriage, will he not reproach me for having prevented him from forming a more advantageous connection? What then shall I say? What shall I do? I may shut myself up and weep: fine consolation, truly! methinks I hear you say. But unavailing as it is, I assure you, I know weeping to be my only consolation whenever my poor heart receives a wound. Write to me quickly, and pray scold me if you think me wrong. You know evary thing is welcome that may come from you.

"Barras assures me if I marry the General, he will get him appointed commander-in-chief of the army of Italy. This favor, though not yet granted, occasions some murmurings among Bonaparte's brother officers. When speaking to me yesterday on the subject, the General said: 'Do they think I cannot get forward without their patronage? One day or other they will all be but too happy if I grant them mine. I have a good sword by my side, which will carry me on.'

"What do you think of this self-confidence? Does it not savor of excessive vanity? a general of brigade to talk of patronising the chiefs of the government! It is very ridiculous! Yet I know not how it happens, his ambitious spirit wins upon me so far, that I am almost tempted to believe in the practicability of any projeet he may take into his head;—and who can foresee what he may attempt?

"All here regret your absence; and we only console ourselves by constantly speaking of you, and by endeavoring to follow you step by step in the beautiful country in which you are journeying. Were I sure to find you in Italy, I would consent to be married to-morrow, on condition of being permitted to accompany the General. But we might cross each other in the way, therefore I deem it more prudent to await your answer: pray send it speedily. Madame Tallien desires me to present her love to you. She is still fair and good as ever. She employs her immense interest only for the benefit of the unfortunate; and when she confers a favor, she appears as pleased and satisfied as though she herself were the party obliged. Her friendship for me is most affectionate and sincere, and of my regard for her, I need only say, that it is equal to that which I entertain for yourself.

"Hortense grows more and more interesting every day. Her pretty figure is getting fully developed, and if I were so inclined, I should have ample reason to rail at Time, who confers charms on the daughter, at the expense of the mother; but truly, I have other things in my head. I strive to banish gloomy thoughts, and look forward to a more propitious future, for we shall soon meet, never to part again. But for this marriage, which harrasses and unsettles me, I could be gay in spite of everything; were it once over, happen what might, I could resign myself to my fate. I am inured to suffering, and if I be destined to taste fresh sorrow, I can support it, provided my children, my aunt, and you remain to comfort me.

"You know we have agreed to dispense with all formal terminations to our letters. So adieu, my friend."

Bonaparte was married on the 9th of March, 1796, by a magistrate, and the Directors signed the record as witnesses. The bride was about six years older than her husband, and had two children by her former marriage, Eugene, afterwards Viceroy of Italy, and Hortense, who became for a time Queen of Holland, and was the mother of Louis Napoleon.

The beauty of the bride we have previously spoken of, and at the period of her marriage her classic features still retained the charm and freshness of youth. Luxuriant black hair shrouded her noble forehead, and her dark eyes melted in the soft languor of tropical climes, or flashed with intelligence. She spoke with purity—supported her opinions with judgment and vivacity—and was alike ready in conversation with delicate irony, sound logic, or passionate enthusiasm.

Bonaparte was then slender in person, with an erect carriage, and hands and feet of feminine delicacy. His countenance was manly, yet o'ercast with a shade of thought, which bespoke the energetic mind, fitted for a high destiny. His dark-blue eyes were fiery, his nose aquiline, his chin prominent, (like that of the Apollo Belvidere,) and he wore his dark chestnut hair long, according to the fashion of the time.

The honeymoon was of brief duration, for eight days after the marriage ceremony, General Bonaparte left his bride to assume the command of the "army of Italy." That her influence aided in procuring this high office for the young soldier, is proved by her letter on the preceding page, but Sir Walter Scott never uttered a fouler innuendo than when he declared, with euphonic boldness, that the command was "the dowry of the Bride"—an insinuation that the appointment was given to reward Bonaparte for espousing the cast-off mistress of Barras. Achilles did not bribe Agamemnon to force Briseis from his tent.

Rejecting this cruel and unfounded insinuation as putrescent slander, Major Lee pronounces this a marked and one of the happiest periods of Napoleon's life. The woman of his choice was the wife of his bosom, and the field of glory, in which he longed to shine, was now expanded to his enterprise. Around him were the pleasures of love; before him the prospects of honor: and within him the impatience of a martial spirit fretted with the reluctance of an enraptured heart. In the pauses of hope and joy, if he looked back on the growth of his fortune, from its infancy when he was an orphan scholar at Brienne, to the vigorous promise of its present state, his reflections must have been fraught with pure and solid satisfaction. In a season of faction, strife, selfishness, suspicion, and cruelty, he had passed from subordination to eminence, without swerving for a moment from the path of independence, openness, and honor: had condescended to no solicitation, stooped to no compliance, mixed with no intrigue, contracted no obligation, participated in no injustice. Persecuted by the deputies, he had not sunk into submission; flattered by the army, he had not been inflated with self-love: so that he escaped the guillotine without propitiating the government, and more difficult still, excelled his own commanders without disobliging them. His opportunities, which were common to officers of his rank, had, in every instance, been surpassed by his exploits, while his advancement always lagged behind his services. Conscious of being indebted to no man, he felt that to him Generals owed their fame, armies their success, individuals their lives, and the government its existence. Such may well have been his reflections at this dawning season of his fame; for nothing is more remarkable in his history, than the direct, and undesigning steps by which his elevation was accomplished. Filled with such thoughts as these, and "snuffing the battle from afar," upon the difficulty of succeeding where older Generals had failed being suggested to him, he said, "in one campaign I shall be old or dead;" meaning that he would have gained immortality or lost his life.*

Before leaving for the frontier, General Bonaparte sat to David for his portrait. When about to return from his victorious campaign, a gentleman who wished to obtain a favor from Madame Bonaparte, ordered a fan, covered with allegorical and emblematical designs, with a portrait of her husband in the centre. Chaudet, a celebrated draughtsman, furnished the design—and the portrait, engraved by J. Godefroy, is the frontispiece of this work.†

* Life of Napoleon.—*Lee.*

† It has been printed from the original plate, by Mr. George G. Smith, of Boston.

AUTOGRAPHY OF NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

Fac-simile of his signature when General—

Buonaparte

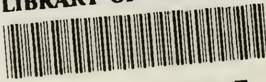
Fac-simile of his signature when Emperor—

Napoleon

60

RD - 3.7

DOBBS BROS.
LIBRARY BINDING
DEC 78
ST. AUGUSTINE
FLA.
32084

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

00011220587